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FRANK LESLIE'S

# BOYS' AND GIRLS' WEEKLY.

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## Floating to Fortune; Or, Which was the Hero?

By JAMES REYNOLDS.

### CHAPTER XV.

#### DRIFTING AWAY.

THE doctor at once proceeded to his task.

He began by removing from the garments all the papers and other valuables, including a fine gold watch which was yet moving, and gave the time as ten, A.M., and from one of the fingers a valuable gold ring, in which was a solitary stone—a large and costly brilliant.

"Heah, Mars Tom," said the honest negro, "heah am Mars Coffin's property. Dar ar' gold eagles, and bills, and oder tings dat am walluable. Keep dem fo' his people."

Tom Burt took the articles thus handed to him and placed them in a belt, in which were also some gold pieces and papers Captain Trousom had requested him to wear about his waist just before leaving the *Isabella*. The watch he wound up, and throwing its guard over his neck, placed it in one of the pockets of his vest. These were subsequently handed to his friends.

In a very few moments the negro had the corpse prepared for the last rites that could be accorded it.

The tarpaulin he had wrapped about it, and then securely tied it with cordage. It was all that could be done. Next, he succeeded in resting it upon the bandies, near the shoulders, of a pair of oars, and in such a manner that it could be launched into the sea when the proper moment arrived.

"Now, Mars Tom," said the doctor, taking from his breast a small, well-thumbed volume, with a black covering, on which was stamped the emblem of Christianity, the cross, "I'se 'Piscopal, an' I'd like to have de service for de burial ob de dead at sea read fo' we commit the body of Mars Coffin to de deep."

He then opened the volume at the place he had indicated, and handed it to his companion, who, the printed pages dancing before his eyes, began the solemn service.

When it was finished, the tears meanwhile streaming from the African's eyes—Tom Burt's were too hot for that—he raised the oars gently and permitted the corpse to fall—it was but a foot, the descent—into the calm waters of the Gulf, or, rather, the Bay of Honduras. It was a strange, a most solemn burial.

Perhaps never before had, under such untoward circumstances, been read the offices for the dead at sea.

The body drifted near the boat all the day.

Toward sundown a gentle breeze set in, and the sail filling, the boat began to glide smoothly and swiftly, the negro now at the helm, over the phosphorescent waters of the great land-bound gulf.

But whither?

Still to the southward and westward, To the westward, for land.

And the body of the mate—of the man who had struggled through the hurricane, through the fearful days and nights of the storm that had finally sent the *Isabella* to the bottom, and then died without making a sign—died as a tired child would fall asleep while resting its head upon the mother's breast—gradually receded, gradually passed away, and ere the sun had sunk in the rosy western horizon, was lost to human sight for ever.

Oh, for a little prescience now!

If the negro or Tom Burt could have had their intellects illuminated but for one moment at this time, how speedily would they have been released from their terrible uncertainty! With this foreknowledge they would have pointed the prow of their boat due north—changing their course fully forty degrees—and before the sun had again appeared in the east would have been cheered by the glad sight of land.

Or had the wind which propelled the British fore-and-after on which were their rescued comrades but held a little longer, while it was yet cruising in search of them, how much of this misery would have been avoided!

But it was not to be.

The schooner, had it pursued its course southward but another hour, would have found Tom and his companions, and the dead would have been weighted and sunk beneath the wave, there to find its resting-place in some coral mausoleum; or had the current drifted them northward and the breeze held with it, all would have been well for the living, if not for the dead. But the negro, faithful to the instructions of Captain Trousom, deviated not from the southwesterly course.

Through the watches of the night he sat upright, grim, faithful, steady to his purpose, and, withal, full of prayer and penitence and liquor.

The dog lay very still at the feet of his young friend, nor moved he for hours, his eyes intently resting upon the doctor as he sat before him in the stern. Once, toward morning, the faithful creature, noticing that the helmsman's

"IN THE MIDST OF THE POUNDING THE DOOR OPENED, AND THE SENIOR OF THE FIRM—WITH SPECTACLES ON HIS PROMINENT NOSE, AND BUNDLES OF BRIEFS AND OTHER LAW PAPERS IN HIS HANDS—STOOD LOOKING ON, UTTERLY AMAZED."

eyes closed, arose from the place where he had cast himself, and, going to him, rubbed his huge body against his head in token of love back.

The negro started and opened his eyelids.

Then, as if comprehending the movement of the animal, said, in almost apologetic tones:

"I wasn't 'sleep, Nero. I was on'y tinkin'."

Then she mass stood up, as the grey of the early day gradually cast an evanescent shadow over the yet placid waters, and murmured:

"Gwine to have jes' such a nudder day as yes'day, shu! De sun 'll be hot as de very debbil, and dar he no hope fo' us. I tole ye, Nero, t'ings am getting' do'prit!"

The dog, as if comprehending him, barked an assent.

At this moment Tom Burt rose from the place where he had been reclining.

"I'm burning up!" he murmured. "Water, water! Mother, Alice, give me water! Why, I could drink an ocean of water! And I've had such strange dreams about storm and shipwreck. How late is it? Breakfast ready? I'll be behind time if you don't hurry, mother! You must have overslept yourself! Where's Alice? Is she dressed? Oh! I'm burning, burning up! Water! water!"

The negro turned quickly toward where the young boy was. He saw that his eyes were unnaturally bright, and that his face was yellow with heat.

"Gracious, Mars Tom!" he said, as he stepped close to him and grasped one of his burning hands. "You is sick, chile. It's fever, dat's w'at's de trouble. Jis' sit beah an' I'll git you water quick."

Tom looked vacantly, unrecognizingly in the negroe's face, and then, on passing his hands slowly over his own, said:

"I don't know you. You're Dick Price? And yet it seems to me we've been together a great deal. Worked in the factory? And all the Croton's run into the Hudson, and the Ridgewood into the sea, and nobody can get a drink. I want water—water! There's a big fire going on within me, and unless I get water—water, there'll be a great conflagration!"

The doctor was shocked beyond expression.

He saw that Tom was in a critical condition.

What could he do for him?

The sun would, in an hour or two, be pouring his tropical rays upon their unprotected heads, and this would be death to the boy.

While the doctor was pooring from the cask a large measure of water, he said to himself:

"If I kin only rig an awnin' over him it'll help him. Dar's dat tarpaulin I had over me. I'll make dat do; and p'r'aps wen he gits dis water and has a little mo' rest he'll be all right ag'in. It's de cold dat tromkies him, I s'pecks."

"Well, mother, won't you give me some cold water?" began Tom, wanderingly, as he looked wildly around him. "I don't want hot tea or coffee. Just give me water for supper."

"Heah it am, Mars Tom," said the doctor, humoring the fever-stricken youth. "He am de water. It ain't ice-cold, 'cause de ice am all gone; but I guess it 'll do! Hi! An' w'en you'se hab drinks it yo' jest go an' lie down, and w'en yo' gits up ag'in yo'll be all right."

Tom raised the cup to his fever-parched lips and swallowed the water at almost a gulp.

"Ah, that's good, mother," he said, as he threw down the vessel that had contained the water. "How dry I was, for sure! It must have been the salt mackerel we had for breakfast that did it."

The doctor meantime was not idle.

While he pondered the misfortune that had thus fallen upon "de boy," he made up his mind he would watch over him, and, if possible, bring him back to health.

He had no serious idea of the condition of Tom Burt.

It was a cold he supposed he had caught, and of which he would be quite well when the fever had subsided.

He presently had the tarpaulin rigged as an awning, and long before the sun had risen high in the heavens, he placed Tom, half-undressed, on a bed made of dried grass and cloths, where he slept and raved by turns, calling every few minutes for water, and which the negro faithfully served him.

But the keg could not long meet the demands made upon it by the thirsty invalid.

The doctor was becoming alarmed.

What should he do when all the water had been consumed?

It was his strong hope that some time during the day they would meet with a ship and be rescued.

He was convinced he was in a part of the ocean where vessels were to be met almost hourly, and he wondered why it was that neither ship nor shore had yet greeted his weary eyes.

It was this hope which had made him lavish in meeting the desires of poor Tom Burt, and even of providing Nero and himself with some of the liquid when they partook of the biscuit he had brought from the *Isabella*.

Of course Cicero Pliny was not of the order of creation which could withstand the temptation while a demijohn that stood near him held out.

More than once during the day he tasted of the stimulating beverage, and perhaps, under the circumstances, it did not hurt him.

He was sensible enough not to permit his appetite to get the better of his judgment.

Thinking that a drop of the liquor might prove beneficial to Tom, he approached him and put the cup to his lips, but the unconscious boy turned his head away from it with such an expression of disgust that he did not make the offer a second time.

Again darkness came upon the little boat and its inmates. The sea was coruscant.

It fairly flashed with the phosphorescence which appeared to form so large an element in it.

The sky was clear, and the vault of heaven seemed paved with magnificent orbs that sent out their pure, calm light over the pulsing sea.

It was a glorious tropical night.

Such a night as poets dream of.

A night for love—for happiness—for all human joy.

But not one for sickness—wretchedness—death.

And yet sickness, wretchedness death were not far away.

The solitary corpse yet floated, now perhaps leagues off, and in that little boat how much of sickness and misery!

The last drop of water had passed the parched lips of the invalid, and yet the cry was for more.

It was the story of the "Ancient Mariner" revived:

"All in a hot and copper sky
The bloody sun, at noon,
Right up above the mast did stand,
No bigger than the moon.

"Day after day, day after day
We stuck, nor breath nor motion,
As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.

"Water, water everywhere,
And all the boards did shrink;
Water, water everywhere,
Nor airy drop to drink."

The doctor, in consequence partly of the liquor which he, perhaps unwisely had taken, now began to feel an intolerable thirst.

Many times he would go to the keg and patiently hold the bunghole over the cup, but not a single drop of the now precious fluid could be coaxed out of it.

Disappointed, he would, unheeding the cries of Tom Burt, return to his place at the stern, and sit and brood, and then partake, for it gave momentary relief, of the brandy.

And so in the beginning of the night he drank and drank until the demijohn was exhausted and himself insensible.

Then, heedless of consequences, he threw himself across the stern and fell asleep.

And thus through the dark hours the only watchful, intelligent creature was the dog—the patient Nero, who also began to feel that thirst which, on the sea, only water can assuage.

Another tragedy, before morning, would be enacted.

The doctor, who, it may be recollected, once in sleep fell overboard from the *Isabella*, rose during the night from his recumbent posture, and unconsciously stepped into the sea.

Nero would have plunged after him, but before making the attempt he ran to where his young master was, in his delirium, calling for water, water.

A good breeze was blowing at the time, and clouds began rapidly to gather overhead, and when the animal had again reached the stern he could see no object at which he could reach.

And the doctor?

His prolonged wakefulness, added to his intoxication, had combined to bring upon him the malady —if such it may be called, with which no one following the seas should be afflicted—i. e., somnambulism—that had caused him to rise up, and his mind, possibly governed by impressions gathered on the land, had urged him to walk into the gulf of death.

It is certain he sank at once, without a struggle.

Had he arisen to the surface, Nero would have gone to his rescue, and by awakening, perhaps save him.

The clouds became deeper and darker.

The coruscant light of the waters died out, and with it the wind, which had, for a moment, gathered in force.

The stars disappeared, not one by one, but in clusters, in masses, as the sombre drapery of the heavens swept over them.

And then a few heavy warning drops, with occasional flashes of "heat-lightning" following, the flood-gates of heaven opened, and great sheets of water fell upon the sea and into the boat.

Soon the little vessel was full of the fresh element, and had it not been buoyed up with the air-pipes to which Captain Trousom had referred before abandoning the *Isabella*, it would inevitably have sunk, taking the unconscious boy and dog with it.

Nero lapped his full of it.

Tom Burt, still delirious, partially buried his face in it and also drank.

And, like all the tropical storms, this one ceased as quickly, as it came. It was literally a "passing blessing."

The clouds rolled away, and again the stars sent forth their calm light, while the water, with its phosphorescence, answered ray for ray.

And again the morning broke.

The morning of the third day, and though no hand guided the tiller, no helmsman read the compass, or looked for rescuing ship or nearing land, the little boat, obedient to wind and sail, ran a steady course over the truckless deep, on an even keel.

And the fresh water remained in her, to be again a blessing to the sick boy and his faithful friend, Nero.

When the sun had risen above the horizon a degree or two Tom Burt awakened to temporary consciousness.

He strove to stand up, but he found himself too feeble for even so much effort.

Then he called on the doctor.

No answer was returned.

With much effort he raised his head.

Nero only met his inquiring gaze.

"Alone!" he murmured. "Alone!" and again he sank into delirium.

## CHAPTER XVI.

### DAY AND NIGHT.

THE boat, thus left to drift whither it would, was eventually drawn into a current of the Bay of Honduras, that set southward from Santanilla Isle along and near to the "Musquitos Shore," as it is called, which forms on the Caribbean Sea the eastern boundary of the Republic of Nicaragua.

Immediately off this coast are a number of small islets, which are the resort of seafowl, and although now and then an Indian fisherman, lying in his hammock—slung upon the extending branches of the giant *Swietenia*, or mahogany-tree, which abounds, as in the neighboring region of Honduras, and lastly enjoying his customary *siesta*, or smoking his *cigarrito*—would notice a weather-beaten boat floating and drifting aimlessly on the sunny waters, he was either too listless or careless to more than watch it, and, perhaps, say it was the remains of some wreck of the *norte*, which, in the mighty whirl, had even swept his malarial, swampy land.

And so the boat, with its delirious passenger and its faithful but now fearfully-wasted dog, floated day by day and night by night, and there was no one to mark the flight of time.

Hundreds of miles had thus been passed, and perhaps hundreds more would have been added to the unhappy voyage, finally landing the open vessel on the Yucatan coast, with naught human or animal in it, save the wasted form of a dead boy and the swollen carcass of a dog.

Fortunately, however, there happened to be standing, in the cool of an early morning, on the extreme point of the easternmost projection into the Caribbean Sea of the Musquitos land, known as Bluefield's Bluff, a gentleman, evidently of Spanish extraction, who, for some minutes, with spyglass extended, often leveled it at an object that was moving slowly away to the south and west.

"*Caramba!*" at length this personage exclaimed; "there must be something in that boat. There is certainly lying there an object that is dark, black; and there, upon a bench, the head resting against the gunwale, is another object. It moves! Ah, there is an arm raised! And there! The head of a dog moves above the black object! What! A man and dog perishing in sight of land! Santa Maria!"

The gentleman in his momentary excitement took from his mouth a Cuban cigar which he had been vigorously smoking, and again cried:

"St. John, how fortunate! There is my little yacht, and here is my boat! To the rescue! Poor fellow! poor dog! *Caramba!*"

A few fathoms distant, riding placidly in a small cove, was a pretty pleasure-boat, of perhaps forty tons.

On its after-deck were seated two young girls, who appeared to be engaged in an animated conversation.

The elder of the two, a very beautiful brunette, occasionally pointed, with a long, shapely finger, toward the strange boat which we have seen had already excited the curiosity of the gentleman on the land.

Forward of the señoritas, the youngest quite fair, almost a blonde, were two men—whose sombreros were drawn well over their foreheads—leaning against the light netting which protected the sides of the vessel, and, in a climate so hot, served as hammocks for sailor and taffrail. These men were also watching closely the drifting boat, and, while speculating upon its character, they heard the sharp call of a whistle.

"Señor Gonzalez calls us," said one of the men, as he turned in the direction from which the sound had proceeded and saw the señor standing on the shore and eagerly waving his hands.

"Santa Maria!" he cried to the men, in an energetic voice, "why stand ye there? Take to the canoe and go and examine that object yonder! Hasten! Be not all day getting your paddles out. Come, an *onza* in gold if ye show signs of life in your lazy bones!"

"Papa's excited," said the younger girl.

"Oh, papa is nothing if not in a fever about something," replied the brunette.

"He has evidently noticed something in the boat, Isabella," said the blonde, mildly. "See! has he not his spyglass in his hand?"

The one addressed as Isabella flashed her large black eyes upon her father, and answered:

"That he has, my Isola. He is never without it. And now he is rewarded for the trouble of carrying it. He has made a discovery. It may be a grand one, or it may be trivial."

"How sarcastic you are, señorita," returned the young girl, smiling, while she lifted her almost Grecian face to that of her sister, and looked calmly out of her deep, dark-blue eyes into the dark flashing ones.

"How like unto a saint you are, my Isola!" returned Isabella. "Years hence you will look like a Holy Mother. But see."

Meantime the men, their movements greatly accelerated by the promised bonus, had lowered and manned the canoe attached to the yacht, and were presently paddling toward the drifting boat.

The girls on the deck now stood up and eagerly followed their movements; while on the bluff Señor Gonzalez, the glass pressed close to his right eye, was commenting upon their conduct.

"*Caramba!*" he presently cried, "there is some one in the boat! Ah, it is a young sailor—an American! He must be, from his appearance. And that black object I had noticed is a dog. Ha!" he presently added, "the fever has left the painter of the boat in their hands, and now they are lowering that useless sail! Ah, they are towing the boat to the yacht! 'Tis well! A human life may be saved! And what is an ounce to human life? I'd gladly give it to save the life of one of the Samboes that cut mahogany here for me."

The canoe, with the gig in tow, had now reached the yacht, and while one was making it fast to the stern, the other placed a hand to his mouth, and, turning it trumpet-like, cried:

"What shall we do now, le capitan?"

"Why, you lazy scoundrel!" returned the señor, hotly, "what should you do? Take the man on the yacht, and—no, no, bring the canoe to the shore!"

The señor hastened to the edge of the water and waited impatiently for the arrival of the canoe.

The men made due haste, well knowing the sometimes unreasoning excitability of their master—who, they also knew, was the soul of generosity—and were on the land in an incredibly brief period of time.

"What lazy gentlemen you are!" cried the señor. "You ought to have been here ten minutes ago, at the very least!"

"But, my capitan," returned one of the men, in a deprecating tone, as he touched his sombrero in a respectful manner, "it is but two minutes since you ordered us here, and scarcely more than ten since—"

The señor smiled.

"All right," he interrupted. "What found ye in the astray?"

"A young boy, señor, almost dead from fever, who was calling for water in a delirious thirst. He looks horrible! Santa Maria! capitan, he looks like a body that has been dead many days. His lips are black, his eyes are sunken, his face is like fire, and his tongue is swollen. We thought him really dead until he opened his eyes, stared wildly at us, and began to talk of something I could not understand. I should judge him to be an American."

"Poor fellow! And the other object?" demanded the señor.

"Is a dog, sir," replied the man. "I was sorry for him. He is nearly dead. However, he opened his eyes as we approached. They are almost glazed. He tried to stand, but could not. He moved his tail in recognition, and gave a low, choking whine."

The canoe was now nearing the yacht.

"Well, sir, well!" cried the señor; "and you gave neither water?"

"How could we, señor?" said the man. "There was none."

"What! no water?"

"An empty demijohn, in which there appeared to have been *aguardiente*, and an empty watervessel. That was all, señor."

"Poor!" said the señor.

"Biscuit, señor," was the reply; "but useless. It is rotten with the sea-water and the sun."

"Well, we must make amends," as the canoe came alongside of the boat, in which were its passengers.

The señor looked at Tom with an expression of pity he did not attempt to conceal.

His daughters' eyes were also turned upon the dog and boy, and there were tears in them—even in haughty Isabella's.

"Oh, papa!" exclaimed Isola, as she looked beseechingly at Señor Gonzalez, "do hasten, or she will surely die! Poor gentleman, he may even be dead now!"

"And the dog, papa," added Isabella, as she removed the tears from her black, lustrous eyes; "he, too, must be saved. I'm sure he is dying! Look—look at him! Poor fellow!"

The señor leaped from the canoe into the boat, and, being a large and very powerful man, raised Tom in his arms as tenderly and as carefully as a tender woman her sick and dying babe.

Then, reaching a hand toward a stay, he caught it firmly, and without any very great muscular exertion, swung himself on board the yacht.

Nero again opened his eyes, now almost blind from exhaustion, and with a low cry attempted to follow his young master. But he fell back, and perhaps would have lain unnoticed for hours had not the eldest daughter of the señor been attracted by his painful effort to move.

The señor, followed by Isola, hastened to a grass hammock that was swung in the rigging, protected by an awning from the rays of the morning sun, and therein, as gently as he had taken him up, he placed his burden.

"Isola," he said, "get me a sponge. Saturate it with cologne or ammonia; and, also, child, a little wine-and-water. More water than wine. The stranger is burning up with fever. How shocking he looks, poor boy! What untold agonies—a thousand deaths—he must have gone through!"

Isola did not remain to hear her father's comment.

With the close of the order she flew to the little cabin, which was mainly on the deck, and instantly seizing and preparing for use the necessary requisites, was again by her father's side ere he had ceased his comment.

"You ought to have been called Ariel, Isola," said her father, with an approving smile, as he took the sponge from her small, white hand—scarcely larger than a child's—and gently passed it over Tom's face, and for a moment holding it to his pinched nose.

"He could not have lived another day," resumed Señor Gonzalez, "if the boat had floated onward unnoticed. When at last found—no matter where—only the dead bodies of this boy and his dog would have been in it."

Isola shuddered.

The tears again dimmed her soft blue eyes.

The señor continued his ministrations.

He moistened with the wine and water the lips, the flesh of which were cracked and dry from fever, and poured a few drops of the refreshing preparation upon the swollen tongue. It had a manifest effect.

Tom, still unconscious, began to murmur of home, of Alice, and of his mother.

Then he called upon the doctor and Mr. Coffin to relieve him in the guidance of the boat.

"Do you understand him, papa?" questioned Isola.

"Faith, no, child," he answered. "But I'll now place him in your charge. Keep moistening his lips and wiping his face with the sponge. I will order one of the men on shore to gather some of the bark of the mahogany-tree, and will make a decoction of it."

"What for, señor?" demanded Isola, as she assumed the responsibilities of the nurse.

"What for, child?" answered the señor. "Know that the bark of the mahogany is a great medicine. It is a noble, a beautiful tree. It is in our tropical latitudes what the oak is to the temperate climes—a type of vegetable grandeur and strength. There is nothing so efficacious as the bark of our tree for the subjection of fever. It is what physicians denominate a febrifuge. We will prepare and give it to our shipwrecked patient to drink. In a day or two it will break up the fever that is now consuming him—burning him, as he says, with dry grass—and then, aided by his youth, he will presently be as strong and active as ever. He will change from his present forlorn condition to that of a handsome, healthy boy. *Caramba!* Isola," added the impetuous Gonzalez, "I ought not to have permitted you to take your place by his side. He is just such a youngster as a susceptible señorita like yourself would be apt to fall in love with. *Caramba!*"

Isola smiled and blushed.

Even then she could not deny to herself that her patient, in absolute health, would not be uncomely.

Meanwhile Isabella had caused Nero to be brought to her.

Without consulting any one she immediately constituted herself his friend and attendant.

She gave him at first a little water to lap.

Next a delicate morsel or two of food.

Thus, with a care only surpassed by that of her sister for the yet unconscious human patient, the brute was restored to perfect health.

His large body again filled out with the generous diet he was receiving. His eyes renewed their intelligent look and brightness, and the hair—black as Isabella's, and, though not, of course, so fine—on his body, was soft and silky to the touch, and early as it was glossy.

In truth, Nero was a handsome creature.

He attached himself to his benefactress—for he was evidently grateful for the favors she had bestowed upon him; but he did not forget his fellow-sufferer, and when not near Isabella he was sure to be found lying in his favorite attitude—his forepaws stretched out, and his head resting on them, while his eyes were almost constantly on his master.

As a beneficial agent, the bark of the mahogany worked wonders.

In a few days the fever was broken, and gradually Tom Burt became convalescent.

He was yet very weak.

He could sit up for hours, however, and he found but little fatigue in conversing with the señor or his daughters, all of whom, to his surprise, spoke his native tongue with fluency.

"You need not express astonishment at that, my young friend," remarked the señor, one afternoon, as he sat with a burning cigarette in his hand, and leaning carelessly against the netting of his vessel; "I resided in New York many years. It was there I became acquainted with my second wife—she was one of your country-women—the mother of that fair-haired young lady yonder, Isola. How widely apart those two young ladies stand in appearance! One father and two mothers. They should have been called Day and Night. And it was, because of my acquaintance with your native tongue, Señor Burt, that Isola's mother's, also, that it came to be employed in our home. *Caramba!* it was thus that the señoritas grew into daily use of it."

Tom, at last fully restored to health and his good looks, gave to his new friends the history of his life, the most interesting to him being his sailing from the Fulton Ferry boat, and his subsequent adventures on the brigantine and in the boat.

And now, having had a taste of the excitement which comes of a hazardous career, his present listless existence, pleasant as the moments were that he passed with Day and Night, as he now called the señoritas, he longed to be at something, doing something that would give zest to his hours, and a promise, if not for a brilliant, at least a present and beneficial future.

Tom Burt began to pine for action.

## CHAPTER XVII.

### THE WORK OF A NIGHT.

TOM BURT, without being conscious of the fact—but conceiving himself to be somewhat of a burden upon his generous and eccentric host and his beautiful daughters—had grown greatly in the esteem of all three.

There was a straightforward manliness about him that they liked.

Isabella felt toward him as an elder sister to a brother—albeit—there was not—to exceed two years in their ages; and Isola could not exactly define to herself the consideration in which she held him.

She liked to have him near her.

It was pleasant to converse with him, for Tom was not by any means unlettered. He had read much and widely, and his memory being tenacious and his imagination full and active, he at all times made himself interesting and instructive. He had also a good musical taste, and this he had cultivated largely. His voice was rich and deep, and his touch upon the piano such as would have delighted a master. And, as there was an excellent instrument on board the yacht, he would, when the mood seized him, render with voice and finger the latest and best musical inspirations which he had acquired in New York.

But, it may be asked, why should Señor Gonzalez particularly care for him.

The señor was what is called a strong man.

His plantations were numerous and productive.

In the interior of Nicaragua he cultivated largely of the sugar-cane, cocoa, cotton, indigo and other important articles of commerce and consumption; and here, on the Escondido, or Blostfield's River, as it is best known by outside of the Central American Republic—he was the proprietor of a vast track of land, on which were growing fine forests of mahogany and other precious woods, and also the smilax plant, from which is obtained the sarsaparilla used in medicine for the cure of blood and skin diseases, and for the production of which Eastern Nicaragua is particularly celebrated.

Thus active, wealthy, traveled, with liberal ideas, but exceedingly impulsive, we need not wonder that Señor Gonzalez, while he adored his lovely daughters, longed for a son—for one who, when age or death removed him from the field of enterprise, could fill his place and push to consummation his enterprises.

And this is how Tom Burt, as has already been remarked, crept into his heart.

He saw in the lad a lively, enterprising, shrewd, intelligent youth of seventeen years—one whose manners were not unpolished, and whose refined features assured him he was of gentle extraction.

"Could he retain him in his household?" the señor would ask himself.

Perhaps at least for a time he could attach him to his person; and the señor bethought of a secretary.

With this idea in his mind he said one evening, as they sat on the deck of the yacht, the full-orbed moon riding in a clear sky and lighting up with her soft, silver-like light the sea and the land near by:

"Tom, you are a fair accountant?"

"Yes, señor," was the answer. "I have kept the books, and with satisfaction to the firm, of the factory in which I was before I was driven by fair and foul weather to this part of the world."

"I would like very much to have you engage yourself to me as secretary," said the señor, lighting a fresh cigarette. "I am much in want of one who would take an interest in my affairs."

"But, sir," said Tom, "I am a total stranger to you. My life is yours. You saved it."

Nero, who was here lying at the feet of his young master, rose, and wagging his tail, looked in Gonzalez's face.

It would seem as if the creature understood his words.

"*Caramba!*" exclaimed Gonzalez. "I would not engage you because of that!"

The dog ran to the side of the yacht and barked.

"What excites Nero?" asked Isabella, as she placed a jeweled hand on the animal's head, and then commenced toying with one of his silken ears.

"The animal seems greatly excited," remarked Gonzalez, as he rose to his feet.

"Nero!" called Tom.

The dog ran to him, barked, and gave a low, threatening growl, while looking landward; then he again bounded to the side of Isabella.

"What does it mean?" asked Isola, in her soft, low voice, as she went up to and stood by the side of Tom.

"Nero," was his reply, "has quick ears. Hark, how he barks! There is a threat in it. He would leap into the water if I would let him. We shall have the mystery solved presently."

And now an odd idea entered Tom's mind.

He had not thought of weapons for assault or defense since he had shot down Bill Robinson, and with him killed the incipient mutiny that, in the midst of the hurricane, was about to break out on the *Isabella*.

And now a something impelled him to go down to the small apartment assigned him in the yacht, and examine and load the revolvers which were found in the boat when he was rescued.

One of these had belonged to Mr. Coffin, the other to Captain Trousom.

They were seven-shooters.

Notwithstanding their exposure to sea-air and water he found them in excellent condition.

He proceeded to load them.

While so doing he heard Señor Gonzalez cry, in a voice of alarm:

"Santa Maria! What does this mean?"

Then he heard the quick strokes of many oars in the calm waters.

His pistols loaded, he ran on deck and beheld two large boats—eight-oared they were—coming quickly around a headland that was in the shadow.

The boats kept very close to the shore, as if those in them sought to hide their forms.

The men who had acted as crew to the yacht had been permitted to go on shore to attend a fandango at an early hour, and had not returned.

Señor Gonzalez and Tom, therefore, were the only males on board.

As yet no thought of danger had entered the mind of either, or of the young ladies.

"Hail them, señor!" said Tom.

"I will do so," he responded. "They are Samboes, doubtless, on a night excursion down the coast."

He then, taking a trumpet that was on the capstan, demanded through it who and what they were.

The answer was a shot from a gun—the ball of which struck and tore a portion of the netting.

"*Caramba!*" exclaimed the señor. "Here are pirates! What are we to do? Santa Maria, guide and save us!"

"Ladies," said Tom, "get under cover quickly. We are in some danger, perhaps. Go into the cabin and lie down on the floor. Pardon me for saying you may not only be in danger, but in the way, here."

"I am not afraid," returned Isabella, her black eyes flashing as she drew herself to her full height.

"Have you arms, señor?" demanded Tom.

"Yes," was the reply.

"Are they loaded?"

"Yes," again briefly returned the señor.

"For your daughters' sake, then, arm yourself."

Another shot whistled over their heads.

The señor hastened to his room.

He was followed by his daughters, while Nero stood by his master.

"It seems," murmured Tom, as he now stood alone on the deck of the yacht, "as if it was my fortune to meet with adventures of all sorts. I barely get out of one difficulty before I am plunged headlong into another. But, isn't two boatloads of pirates before two males—a man and a boy—and two women to protect, too much of a good thing?"

The señor here reappeared with a rifle and a brace of pistols.

To Tom's surprise, Isabella, similarly armed, followed.

Our hero looked for the appearance of Isola.

Isabella appeared to comprehend him.

"She has fainted," she said, tremulously. "I have left her where she sank down. It is best that it should be so—for the present, at least."

The oars of the boats were now turned toward the yacht.

In another minute they were out of the shadow cast by the rocks of the shore.

Tom, with his quick eye, comprehended the situation.

There were not less than twelve men in the boats.

Fortunately, so he thought, he could observe but few guns, and he doubted if there were pistols.

But he noticed that each man had by him a long, knife-like weapon.

Again a man at the stern of the boat nearest to the yacht rose up and fired a gun.

His aim was wild.

The ball, if it had been fired by even an ordinary marksman from the same distance, could not have failed of doing execution.

"Lie down, señor; and you, too, for God's sake! if you would not be killed, Miss Isabella," cried Burt.

As he spoke, Tom placed himself behind the mast.

It was his shield from the fire of the boats.

The man in the boat who had fired the gun, feeling safe in what he saw as easy victory over those on the yacht, continued to stand as he gave his orders.

"Now for it," murmured Tom, as he leveled his navy revolver at this man. "If I miss him we shall, the señor and I, be killed, and those young girls!" and Tom shuddered—"their fate would be awful. I would rather kill them myself than let them fall into the hands of such wretches."

He pulled the trigger.

A sharp report followed.

Then he saw the man fall back and over the stern of the boat into the water.

There were cries and curses heard from the boats.

Again he pulled the trigger, and the man who held the bow-oar rose partly to his feet, and relaxing his hold on the handles, fell forward over the man next to him.

There was confusion on the boat, but before order could be restored, Tom Burt, for the third time, had leveled his weapon at the man who was stroke-oar.

The ball missed its aim.

It passed, however, through the bottom of the boat, near the stern.

"There are eleven charges left," muttered Tom, not knowing what damage he had really done, "and I must be careful not to throw any away."

The boats had now paused in their forward career, and it was evident that the desire was now to get back into the shadow ere more damage was done.

The coxswain of the second boat, however, seemed to be of more determined stuff.

He brought his boat alongside of the one in which so much damage had been wrought, and gesticulated fiercely, while he waved his arms energetically.

As yet the señor had not raised his weapon.

Tom wondered.

"Why do you not shoot down the chief?" he was asked.

"*Caramba!*" replied the señor; "in my haste I forgot to put caps on the nipples of my rifle or pistols. I would have fired long ago but for that."

Tom could not but smile, even in the midst of the danger, when he heard this.

"He ought to have been born in Ireland," he said, "he is so impulsive. Here he is, practically defenseless, and the fate of his daughters, as well as of his property, and his own life are at stake!"

Tom again raised his long-handled pistol, and carefully covering the leader of the pirates, himself unseen, he pulled the trigger.

"Thank God!" he murmured.

The shot was not in vain.

It had struck the man in the face just under the chin, and passing upward, took a diagonal course, imbedding itself in the back part of the skull.

The man sank down amid his comrades, dead.

The survivors could not find courage to approach the yacht. With a wild, savage yell, which was all of terror, they quickly swung their boats around and made for the shadows from which they had emerged.

Tom's blood was now up.

He could not let the villains escape so easily.

Again and again he fired upon them, and while some were evidently wounded, others were seen to float dead upon the water. These were speedily made food for by the sharks which inhabited the shores of the Escondido harbor.

When the boats had, hugging close to the rocks, doubled the promontory, and all was thought to be safe, the señor and his daughter rose to their feet, and Tom came from behind the mast.

"My friend! my brother!" exclaimed Isabella, while the tears filled her beautiful eyes, throwing her arms around the boy and kissing him with all the fervor of her Spanish blood, "how shall we ever repay you for night's work? But for you, my knight—I shudder at the thought—what would have become of us?"

"My son! my boy!" said the señor, "would to God I could say you were my son!"

"No thanks or proffers of friendship are due," said Tom, quietly. "Did I not say that I was indebted to you for the renewal of my life?"

"That was an act of humanity," said the señor.

"And pray what was this? A mere episode. My life was equally at stake with yours. But, in the threatened struggle, which is now happily over, I thought not of you nor of myself. I had ever present to my mind the awful trials through which, doubtless, your daughters would have been compelled to pass."

The señor took the boy's hand and pressed it warmly.

Isabella had retired to the cabin to revive her sister.

"Where are the men, señor?" suddenly asked Tom. "Has not their time of absence expired?"

The señor consulted his watch.

"Two hours ago," he answered.

A low whistle from the shore was heard.

"What signal is that?" demanded Tom.

It was repeated.

"Treachery!" Tom queried.

A white cloth was seen. A moment later and a man paddled from the beach in a canoe.

He was not many seconds in reaching the yacht.

He was a woodsman.

His features were familiar to the señor.

"Well, what is it?" was asked him by Gonzalez, in Spanish.

The man replied:

"There is a large body of insurrectionists on the coast. They arrived to-night from the interior. They need your two seamen as they were proceeding to the dance, and because they would not join them and betray you, putting them besides in possession of this vessel, they cut them down. They have since died, Señor," continued the man, "I would advise you to run out to sea immediately. The revolutionists will return in force within the hour, and this time they will be better armed. They were careless before, for they thought victory would be easy—only four to conquer, and two of them girls."

The señor shuddered.

"You are a noble fellow," he said to the man. "You have risked your life in doing this for me. I will well repay you. Here, take this as an earnest of the future," and as he spoke he placed in the man's hand a piece of gold.

"I did only my duty, señor," the man said, modestly.

"Under the circumstances few would do that," returned the señor. "I had no idea the revolutionists were so near. I heard of them as being about Leon, where the Government had stamped them out. This must be a remnant of the robbing crew. But for you I should have continued at anchor. Can you not come with us?"

"I could expected back," the man replied. "If I do not return, others will be approaching the shore, and possibly, as your sailors have already been, be murdered. I can do more good by remaining on shore."

The man bowed, and seizing his paddle, was in another minute also lost in the shadows, which each moment grew darker and deeper.

"Curses on these marauders," muttered the señor. "In the name of liberty they play the part of tyrants. For a whim they set law and social order at defiance. With happy Anglo-Saxon institutions, your people prosper and strengthen year by year, while here, with a territory rich in minerals and vegetables, on which millions could live in happiness, we are daily drifting toward savagism, decay and death as a people."

In rapid language Gonzalez repeated the words of the visitor to Tom Burt in his English tongue.

On going forward with him, he asked if he thought it possible for them to raise the anchor and lower the sails.

"Yes, señor," Tom answered. "With your assistance and that of your daughters we can do almost any act of seamanship."

Isabella and Isola, the latter fully recovered from her fainting fit, had passed out of the cabin as the man from the shore reached the yacht, and both, standing near their father, had heard his story.

And the information had made them strong to do even tasks that stout men would hesitate to attempt.

Their honors were at stake, they now knew. Death rather than that!

Isabella spoke up.

"We can help. Try us."

"It is for your sakes, my children," the father spoke.

The sails were loosened and spread.

With much labor at the windlass the anchor was raised and made fast by the larboard cathead.

The breeze was from the shore, but it was light.

If the yacht could be got from the lee of the land all would be well.

Fortunately, the tide, which rises but about two feet in the Gulf latitudes, was ebbing, and the current being seaward, the boat soon got sufficiently far out to give the wind a chance.

Gradually the sails were filled.

Just as she was about to move on her course a horse cry was heard from the shore.

The shout was followed by a cannon-ball of two pounds.

It passed through the mainsail, making a hole, however, not larger than itself.

Those on the yacht turned around to see whence the shot came.

"*Caramba!* how fortunate!" exclaimed the señor. "An hour, a half hour—nay, had we been five minutes later, death and dishonor would have been our portion!"

In the sheen of the moon could now be seen six boats crowded with men, and guns were also bristling on every side.

It was a formidable armada to send against one little boat.

Tom Burt had the helm.

Near him stood Nero.

On each side were the young girls, whose eyes devoured him, worshiped him!

He was their hero, now and for all time.

"A parting salute!" cried Tom, as he raised the ride of the señor, now carefully capped, to his shoulder.

The next moment a report was heard far out on the still waters, and another pirate was sent to judgment.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### REVELATIONS.

THROUGH the direct and active management of the senior Richard Price, urged thereto, it must be confessed, by his son, whose interest in Alice had grown apace with his acquaintance, the St. John estate in Virginia had been so arranged that for the future an income sufficient for the comfortable, if not elegant, maintenance of Mrs. St. John and her daughter was assured.

From the pretty cottage they moved to a more central part of Brooklyn, and their new residence was in every way commensurate with their earlier habits of social life.

Ruth St. John was not devoid of gratitude.

She felt that she was wholly indebted to that "rough diamond," that extremely unpolished gentleman, the junior Price, for the restoration to her and her daughter of the estate of the deceased St. John, of which the agent or trustee, Jollison, had by force and fraud" deprived them for nearly two years.

As for Alice, by some divination known only to her heart, she had found a pearl of great price buried far down in the soul of Dick.

It may be so surmised, for her eyes brightened with a peculiar light, and a sweet smile rested on her lips, and even made softer the rounded outlines of her mobile countenance, when he came into her presence.

It was certainly more than friendship, although that was the name she gave to the sentiments she entertained for him.

As for Dick, as in confidential moments he expressed it to himself, he felt a kind of "all-overishness" when he was in the society of the young lady, and when he happened to touch the ends of her "rosy fingers," it was just as if he had received "an electric charge from a galvanic pile."

"By George!" said the junior of the Price firm, as he threw his long legs upon the desk near which he was seated in the receiving-room of the law-office in Nassau Street, the governor being at court, tipping his body at an undefinable angle—"by George, I feel like turning poet! Let's of fellows make rhyme to the girls they care for. Now, there's Alice—can't she a nice, good girl? Why, her name will jingle to numberless words, such, for instance, as rice, mice, dice, and a string more, for which see Johnson's rhymer. Now, Dick, I wonder what's the matter with you? I don't suppose Miss St. J. cares a copper for you. Oh, if I was but jovial, and handsome, and could sing and talk in poesry, and have a soft head, and dress to kill—Mattie can do that—wouldn't I soon make an impression! By George——"

There was a quick rap on the door.

"Come in!" cried Dick, not moving from his somewhat constrained position.

A letter-carrier entered and dropped a package on a table near at hand.

"A foreign letter," he said, and then closed the door.

"A foreign letter," repeated Dick, junior. Who can it be from, anyhow? I suppose if I take the trouble to get out of this chair and go over there to that table so stable, like a string to a fiddle I might solve the riddle."

Dick was about to make an effort to get on his feet when a second knock was heard at the entrance.

"Walk in," cried Dick, "and make yourself comfortable. Litigious people always particularly welcome in this shop." We take 'em in and do for 'em in the most satisfactory manner to ourselves—that is, if they have good fat purses. That's what the law was made for. Come into my parlor said the spider to the fly. If I do, said the fly, I may die. Then, said the spider, with a smile in his eye, I——"

For the second time was the junior Price interrupted.

Before him, hat in hand, stood, with smiling countenance, his mouth almost stretched from ear to ear, the coachman of Mr. Jefferson.

"Hello, Julius!" cried Dick; "come in, you sinner, and close the door."

"Yes, sah" returned his sable visitor, as he obeyed the double order.

"Julius," Dick continued, "see you that letter on that table?"

"I see it, Mars Richard," said Julius.

"Well, Cæsar, seize her and hand it to me. Don't you see the joke?"

The coachman picked up the package and handed it to the young lawyer, saying, as he did so:

"I really, sah, don't see whar de fun comes 'long."

"Stupid," returned Richard, good-naturedly. "In half an hour from now, when I am deeply interested in some melancholy, heart-rending subject, you will burst out into one of those boisterous cachinnations——"

"Catch who, sah?" asked Julius, wonderingly.

"Bother!" exclaimed Dick, junior. "I mean to say the joke will get through your wool and thick skull, and then you'll begin to laugh."

"Oh, dat's it, eh?" returned Cæsar.

Richard Price paid no further attention to Cæsar.

His eyes were on the directions and post-office marks of the package.

"From the Baize," he said, in a low voice—"from Aspinwall—from St. Thomas, Jamaica. It's gone the rounds, hasn't it?" Richard Price, Jr., No. 321 Nassau Street, New York, U. S. A.," that's the superscription. Yes, it's Jr., which stands for junior, and long may it stand for it. I couldn't get on without that distinction. Now, Julius, mine, the senior of this-Price-less firm. Who is it from? I'll bet I can guess the first time. It's from that wandering sheep of the St. John fold, Hon. Thomas Burt, commonly known as 'Tom Burt,' a young sinner whose estate is worth to-day fifty thousand dollars, and not a cent less. Well, there's nothing in the Constitution of the United States which says he may not scoot around if it suits his humor. Nor is there a word in that same instrument which declares against Alice St. John being—hold in our horses, Dick, and don't canter about in that way; if you do, you may get your road-wagon upset before you know it, and have your head buried in a pile of hard brick, lying by the roadside."

Without further comment Dick Price forced the blade of an office-knife between the foldings of the envelope and cut them apart. From this covering he withdrew two letters. On one the superscription read, "Mrs. Ruth St. John, care of Richard Price, Jr., Esq." The other was directly addressed to himself.

Opening his own letter, he glanced at the bottom of the page, and there found the name of Thomas Burt.

"By George!" he ejaculated. "It's from Tom. So he's alive. Glory! Trousom—that's the sea-captain, Cæsar, Tom Burt sailed with all that day in the bay of Biscay, O!" and thinks 'he's lying low in sea-caverns, O!'"

Then Dick, not heeding sundry exclamations of his visitor, ran his eyes over the written pages.

When he had finished its perusal, he exclaimed:

"By George! his story is wonderful! All lost but himself—the only survivor. And he sends a dog floated for days and days, himself wholly unconscious from fever, without water, in an open boat under a torrid sun. At last he was picked up when on the very edge of death, and saved after many more days of close and tender nursing by two young ladies on board their father's yacht. How romantic! By George, how I'd like to have had the closing part of his experience! And besides, Cæsar, he's turned out quite a hero! He's been shooting pirates as you or I shoot rats, and then when they got to be too many for the young ladies and their

father, he ups anchor, spreads sail, seizes the tiller, and takes to his heels, to the very great disappointment, doubtless, of the said pirates or revolutionists, or whatever they were called, who wanted the yacht and the young ladies in it bad. Hurrah for Tom. Hoo—hurrah!"

Dick, in his excitement, forgot the proprieties.

Untangling himself, he leaped upon the desk, and to the evident delight of Cæsar, who grinned all over his black face, gave cheer upon cheer.

In the midst of the pounding the door opened, and the senior of the firm—with spectacles on his prominent nose, and bundles of briefs and other law papers in his hands—stood looking on, utterly amazed.

"Was his son insane?" he asked himself.

"Hoora!" cried Dick, as he swung his arms about him. "Hoora for Tom Burt! He's the——"

"Richard! Richard!" cried, in his clear, shrill voice, the head of the house. "What in Heaven's name does all this mean, sir?—this undignified, this insane conduct, sir? This is not a mass-meeting, is it, eh?"

Dick was on the floor in an instant, with a face as long and as solemn as an undertaker's at a rich man's funeral.

"I couldn't help it, father," he said, apologetically. "The fact is, I've just received a letter from Thomas Burt, whom we were afraid had been lost at sea. And he writes of his encounter with pirates, besides a lot of other heart-rending achievements. So you see, I couldn't give vent to my feelings without indulging in a little bit of hurrah. Oh, Tom's a trump card in the pack, sir! And the way he euchred death and the pirates is a caution to those who go it alone."

"Euchre! Trump-cards, eh?" asked his father, wonderingly. "What do you know of these things?"

"Me?" replied his hopeful son. "Oh, nothing, sir, nothing! I couldn't tell the left bower from the right, to save my life, sir. I pass on all such things. I most always prefer going it alone myself, sir; and, as Tom is a first-class ace, I couldn't help seeing him as I did, and going two better. He writes from the bluffs at Bluefields, sir."

"What incomprehensible language you employ, to be sure!" returned the senior. "I am glad to hear Mr. Burt is alive. His being in the body settles a grave question that threatened his estate."

Saying which, the senior passed into his private office, where he was presently deeply buried in a pile of manuscripts that, to the ordinary mind, would have proved as incomprehensible as hieroglyphics on an Egyptian sarcophagus or monolith.

The junior resumed his seat.

"Well, Julius," he said, "what's up?"

"I'se been to a buryin', sah," answered the coachman.

"What! Blackberrying! And at this season?"

Cæsar looked very grave for a moment, and then burst into one of his irresistible "Yah! yah! yah's!"

When he had become more sedate he said:

"I'se come heah to have a talk wif yo' 'bout Mars Jeff'son, sah, an' to tell yo' suffin'. But fust, I'll let' yo' know dat yere ole gran'mother of mine—de one dat hab dem papers which 'longed to Mars Burt—is gone dead, sah. She was a ole witch, sah, an' could see as far into a millstone as any one ob her size. Dey was 'traid ob her in Warginny, de niggahs dar was. She was bo'n in Africa, an' was w'at dey called a prop'etess ob de Fetchich 'ligion. Well, as I was sayin', she gone dead las' week, an' we buried her. She al'ays liked dis yar chile, Mars Price, an' she tole me w'en she die I'd fine in de bed on which she lay suffin' dat would be good fo' I if I took care ob it. So, 'memberin' dat, sah, w'en we put de body in coffin, I 'clare to goodness, sah, w'en we look in de bed dar was lots ob money. Up'ds ob a t'ousan dollas, sah, I shu yo'!"

"That was a godsend, Julius!" exclaimed Dick Price. "Well, go on."

"De ole woman al'ays lubbed me. When I foun' myself so rich I tole mammy she'd better move to York and start in de washin' bus'ness. She 'greed to dat, an' so I sot her up in de city. I fixed her cunt'iable fust, sah, in a house in Greene Street, sah; an' de res ob de money I put into de sabing bank. An' heah is de book, sah, wich I'd like yo' to take care ob fo' me, an' put in yo' safe."

TOO GALLANT.—A BOSTON DRUMMER MAKES LOVE UNWITTINGLY TO AN INSANE GIRL.

As the coachman closed his little narrative he handed Richard, junior, his bank-book.

Dick saw it was from the Greenwich Savings Institution.

Opening it, he found to the credit of his colored acquaintance, besides sundry sums previously deposited, saved from his earnings as coachman to Mr. Jefferson, the sum of nine hundred and eighty dollars; and upon adding together the items, found that there was an aggregate of eleven hundred and seventy dollars and twenty-two cents deposited.

"Why, Julius," said Dick Price, "you're a man with a stake in the world. This book says the bank owes you nearly twelve hundred dollars. You're a blamed sight richer than I am. But then you haven't a sister to wheedle you out of all your loose change, as I have. Oh, Mattie, Mattie Price! What sins you'll have to answer for on the Day of Judgment! Sins willfully committed on your too confiding, too ingenuous brother'Dick, son of Richard Price, Esq."

"Yo'll take care ob dat book fo' me, sah?" asked the coachman.

"I'll put it now in the safe, where it can sleep until you want to awaken it," said the junior.

As he spoke he rose from his chair, walked to the ponderous safe in the room in which they were, and on opening its massive iron doors, placed the book, to Julius's entire content, in a small drawer, which had to itself a lock and key.

"There, Julius," resumed Dick. "Old Satan himself couldn't get at that book if he were to try for a week, when this big door is closed and locked for the night. You can't burst that institution. No, sir."

"Tanks, sah!" said the coachman, his eyes, glistening.

"And now about Jefferson?" asked the junior. "Has he been making a fool of himself again?"

"Dat he does mos' all de time, sah," responded the coachman. "But I've dis to tell yo. It's 'portant; 'specially to a young lady ob yo' 'quaintance—Miss Alice St. John, sah!"

"Ah!" said Dick, fully aroused; "Miss St. John! What is it?"

The coachman answered in substance that his employer, Jefferson, who had recently been almost continuously in the society of Mr. Henry Burt, or his friend, Mr. John Jollison, or both, and who, by various gambling devices, had relieved him of large sums of money—how much Julius could not say—but he believed, from certain indications, that the family were becoming greatly alarmed at his continued dissipation, and his unaccountable waste of money, and were rapidly retrenching expenses, while, if anything, his master was becoming more extravagant.

He was constantly on the race-course in the season, and rarely winning. When not on the turf he was to be found at the faro-bank, or in the billiard-room, and Julius saw that all the sharpers in town were following in his wake. They regarded him as a pigeon to be plucked, but so far Burt and Jollison had the inside of the track.

Recently, Julius went on to say, a new freak had entered his master's head. He had met, somewhere in society, Miss St. John, and having heard that she was rich, or soon would be, has fallen desperately in love with her; although, so far as the negro knew, she had never exchanged a word with him.

What aroused his suspicions in this direction was a conversation he had accidentally overheard between Burt and Jollison, in Mr. Jefferson's chamber, where that gentleman was lying, sleeping himself into semi-sobermess. And what was remarkable thus far, Julius added, parenthetically, that Jefferson had never, in his hearing, drunk or sober, referred by name to the young lady.

The conversation between Mr. Jefferson's friends was materially as follows:

"I'm afraid we're draining him too rapidly, Jollison," remarked Burt. "It won't do to kill the goose that lays the golden eggs."

"I've provided for that, Burt," the former replied. "I don't care how soon he's finished. That is, I want to get him so that he will be necessitated to lean on us for support; and I'll tell you why. Through him I hope to get into my clutches again, and in a way that the law cannot reach me, the St. John property, which that old skinflint, Price, managed so adroitly to put beyond my reach."

"How can you bring that about?" demanded Burt.

PORTUGUESE SAILORS ATTACKED BY SHARKS.

"How?" and Jollison chuckled. "I'll tell you how. Jefferson happened to come across, at some house to which he had been permitted access—to the fireside of some family who only saw in him the careless, rich, fashionable young man—Alice St. John. She is stately and beautiful, and self-poised. Well, she is just such a young girl as a man like Jefferson would fall in love with, if only for a sensation. He heard that she was peculiarly independent, and now you may guess the rest."

"I'm stupid at conundrums," returned Burt.

"Pshaw!" exclaimed Jollison; "I mean that Jefferson shall marry Alice St. John!"

"But she wouldn't consent to such a union if she is the girl I've heard," remarked Henry Burt.

"I'll manage that part of the business when the time comes," was Jollison's response.

When the negro had closed his story he found Dick Price leaning on his chair, his face deadly pale, and great beads of perspiration standing upon his brow.

"I tought, Mars Price," said Julius, when he saw the effect his narration had produced on his hearer—"I tought I'd come an' tole you w'at I heard, so dat you might know how to act."

Dick looked at the negro, but his was a vacant expression for several minutes, and then, when the coachman was becoming alarmed at his unusual appearance, he gave a deep sigh. Recoating himself in his chair, he bowed his head and covered his face with his hands.

"You've stunned me, Julius," he hoarsely whispered. "I'll be all right soon. What desperadoes those men are! Great heavens! what a conspiracy against the happiness of an innocent girl! To think of marrying her, and that by force, to such a sot as is this Jefferson! Pah! It shall never be!"

After a brief pause he turned to the coachman, and said:

"Cæsar, hereafter you must work in my—that is, in Miss St. John's and her mother's interest."

"Yes, sah," said Julius, scarcely comprehending the junior's words.

"It is important you should—if you would preserve the happiness of two innocent people," Burt, having heard that his nephew was really lost at sea, is about to take steps to recover the property of which he was a few weeks since so suddenly deprived. He says that as there are no heirs by direct descent to the estate living, the will of his brother is a nullity, and that he, as deceased's brother, is, of right, the true inheritor and owner thereof."

"Yes, sah," repeated Julius, greatly puzzled by what he had heard.

"These letters from Tom," and Dick placed an open hand on the package which the postman had left, and the contents of one of which—that addressed to Richard, junior, Julius had heard in part—"these letters settle for the present his uncle's demand. And, as I believe the writer has more lives than a cat of the masculine gender, his uncle's chances are beyond recovery."

"Yes, sah," Julius responded, rubbing his head vigorously. "I s'pect I understan' w'ot yo' am sayin', sah."

"Very well, Julius. Now let us get back to where we started from. Now I'll tell you what I had in mind. It was to get you out of the service of this Jefferson, and then placing you in that of Mrs. St. John. Indeed, Cæsar, that lady asked me, no later than last night, if it were possible to get some one whom she could trust in her house, to act in a general capacity. I suppose to act as butler, footman, coachman, waiter, confidential servant—in fine, in every and any capacity, and to whom good wages and a permanent home would be given. I at once mentioned you, and when I informed her how, through your instrumentality, she herself, as well as her adopted son, had been placed in independent circumstances, she at once insisted upon employing you. She remembers your grandmother and mother well, and would like to see them, giving your mother a home with her."

"Dat's jus' w'at I wants myself, Mars Dick. Oh, I'se 'll be so glad to git dar wif Missee St. John!" and the negro's eyes glistened with pleasure, while his mouth distended with mirth. "I'se be at home wif dat lady. Dey's from Warginny, you know, Mars Price."

"Rein in your horses, coachman," returned Dick, "You can't go there."

Julius's smile departed, and he put on a disappointed look as he interrupted:

"Why not, Mars Price?"

"At least, not just yet," continued the junior. "Wouldn't you rather, for a time, stay where you are, and defeat this scheme of marrying Jefferson to Miss Alice St. John, then go to her mother's to live, and so let the sot and his money-suckers have their way?"

"Oh course," said Julius, now beginning to comprehend the situation; "oh course, sah. I'll do anyt'ing to serve de ladies," he added, gallantly.

"Then that's all right, Cæsar," said the junior, as he folded his letter from Tom and placed it with that addressed to Mrs. St. John in the broken envelope, then carefully putting it in an inner pocket of his coat. "Now return to your master—watch Jollison and Burt and Jefferson as a cat watches a mouse. Let nothing escape you, for Miss St. John's sake, and come with it to me."

And thus this strange conference ended, with its stranger revelations.

(To be continued.)

"Floating to Fortune" was commenced in No. 647.

## AN A-SPIRE-ING CARPENTER.

A CARPENTER of Belfast, who despised his trade and starved in consequence, determined to make "lame," even if he could not make bread, and so he arranged matters with a photographer, and on an appointed day, in the presence of a number of people, almost as foolish as himself, climbed the leading church of that city, and stood upon the ball which capped it, to be photographed. It would have served the carpenter right had he slipped and killed himself. As it was, he did not even secure his coveted fame, for the next day his name was spelt wrong in all the newspapers.

## TOO GALLANT.

A BOSTON drummer, who prides himself on his charms, for ever lost his pride the other day. He drove his fellow-drummers wild in a car by his attentions to a comely maiden, to whom he showed his samples, and whose hand he squeezed for half an hour. But when the train stopped, a quiet old fellow stepped forward and thanked him for entertaining the girl, remarking, "She is hopelessly insane, and I am taking her to the State asylum here."

## PORTUGUESE SAILORS ATTACKED BY SHARKS.

YET another fearful story of suffering and privation comes to us from the sea and causes us to pause, but for a moment, perhaps, to cast a thought to those whose business is in the deep waters, and to call to mind the countless dangers which they every day encounter in the pursuit of their avocation. On the 13th of August, 1878, the Portuguese ship *Americque*, 1,000 tons, sailed from Oporto, bound for Rio de Janeiro with a cargo of salt and port wine. All went well until the 3d of September, when one of the seamen, named Antonio Duval, was washed overboard as he stood upon the forecastle. Captain Bernado at once luffed the ship and lowered a boat with five men to rescue the man overboard. They succeeded in their endeavors, but on the way back to the ship the boat capsized, and the occupants were thrown into the sea, where they were immediately surrounded by sharks.

Only four of the men regained the boat, the two others being drowned. A heavy sea was running at the time, and the ship, although every exertion was made to pick up the boat, was carried away out of sight. During the night one man died from exhaustion, and the others fastened his body to the stern of the boat. The sharks still hovered round in expectation of their prey, and on the same day one of the three survivors went out of his mind and jumped over the side of the boat and was dispatched in an instant by the voracious monsters. On the third day the ship *Rangitt* hove in sight, and the two remaining almost demented sailors succeeded in attracting the attention of those on board, and were rescued. After careful medical treatment they were taken on to Lyttelton, N. Z., where they made statutory declarations as to the truth of their narrative. Our illustration, which is

AN A-SPIRE-ING CARPENTER.

takes from an authentic description furnished by one of the survivors, gives a fair idea of the difficulty with which the two survivors preserved their lives.

## A NOVEL BOAR-HUNT.

THE dignified chief-magistrate of a small commune in the south of France lately had a curious adventure. A boar-hunt was in progress, and the mayor was assisting, as the French say, but only in the capacity of a spectator, when the boar, maddened by its wound, rushed between his legs and carried him off, the mayor hanging on by the beast's ears. After going some distance his honor contrived to slip off the brute's back unhurt. It was subsequently killed, and its head presented to the mayor.

## DIVING, PAST AND PRESENT.

By WILLIAM HARDING.

(Continued.)

THE DIVING-BELL.

I HAD previously intended to treat the diving-bell last of all, but in order to follow the course of invention I am forced to alter my intentions.

It is now universally admitted that the diving-bell is by no means the modern invention that people think it.

A German writer quotes a passage from the Greek philosopher, Aristotle, who is supposed to intimate that in his time divers used a kind of kettle to enable them to continue longer under water.

The oldest information we have respecting the use of the diving-bell is in a book published at Nürnberg in 1664. In this book the author says:

"Were the ignorant vulgar told that one could descend to the bottom of a river in the midst of the water, without wetting one's clothes or any part of one's body, and even carry a candle to the bottom of the water, they would consider it as altogether ridiculous and impossible.

"This, however, I saw done at Toledo, in Spain, in the year 1538, before the Emperor Charles V. and almost ten thousand spectators.

"The experiment was made by two Greeks, who, taking a very large kettle suspended by ropes, with the mouth downward, fixed beams and planks in the middle of its cavity, upon which they placed themselves, together with a candle.

"The kettle was equipoised by means of lead fixed round its mouth, so that when let down toward the water, no part of its circumference should touch the water sooner than another, else the water might easily have overcome the air included in it, and have converted it into moist vapor."

Roger Bacon has been frequently quoted as having invented some kind of a diving-bell, but the earliest authentic information that we have on this subject is given in the postscript to a little volume published at Edinburgh, in 1658, by George Sinclair, and entitled the "Principles of Astronomy and Navigation." This little volume mentions that the Marquis of Argyle employed James Calquhoun, of Glasgow, to recover treasure from some ships of the Spanish Armada that had been sunk off the Isle of Mull, anno 1588.

"This man," writes George Sinclair, "not knowing the diving-bell, went down several times, the air from above being communicated to his lungs by a long pipe of leather. He only viewed and surveyed the ship, but, I suppose, buoyed nothing up." The same author afterward states that Lord Argyle employed an ingenious gentleman, the Laird of Meigin, who went down with a diving-bell and got up three guns.

Sinclair proposed to raise ships by the buoyancy of arks, or boxes, open at the bottom, which were to be sunk full of water, and then filled with air either by sending down casks of air or by bellows and a long tube.

In the "Life of Sir William Phips," an old governor of New England, we find that he recovered about $1,500,000 from the wreck of a Spanish ship sunk on the coast of Hispaniola. This event must have taken place about the year 1680.

A publication entitled "Vegetius on the Art of War," published in 1511 and 1532, represents a diver with a cap, from which rises a long leathern pipe, terminating in an opening which floats upon the surface of the water. It is considered that the insertion of this engraving is a proof that the person who drew them was not acquainted with the diving-bell, which he would otherwise have delineated.

Smeaton, an English engineer, has the credit for being the first to apply the diving-bell to engineering operations, using it in repairing the foundations of Hexham Bridge. The bell used by this engineer was an oblong box of wood, four feet high, two wide, and three and a half long, and was supplied with air by a pump fitted on the top.

In 1788 the diving-bell was tested in a much more important work—Ramsgate Harbor—by the same engineer, and as the apparatus was then used at a considerable depth, the air was supplied by means of a forcing pump placed in a boat, and was conveyed to the diver by means of long flexible tubes. The bell used in this undertaking was four feet and a half high, four feet and a half long, and three wide. Its weight was fifty hundred, being composed of cast-iron, and was so adjusted that it would, without the addition of any weights, sink in the proper position.

The surface of the water at the bottom of the bell formed a convenient level to work to. The signals were made from below by striking one or more blows upon the side of the bell with a hammer.

Since Smeaton's diving-bell came into use some hundreds of different models have been made; but the mode of suspension differs, according to circumstances.

One of the most curious diving-bells ever invented is the one depicted in our engraving. It was invented by Monsieur Dandurau, a French engineer.

I will at once describe the mechanism and the peculiar principle of this apparatus. It consisted of a copper bell, in shape somewhat resembling an ordinary umbrella, partially collapsed or closed, fitted with glass plates, and sufficiently large to cover a man down to the waist. Under this singular kind of roof was slung a saddle of lead, weighing nearly a hundred and fifty pounds, which served the twofold object of forming a convenient seat for the diver and of precipitating the machine vertically through the water to the intended depth.

Passing through the bell—entering at one side and coming out at the other—was a strong gutta-percha pipe, about an inch and a half in diameter, passing on a level with the mouth of the person seated inside on the saddle of lead. Both ends of this tube projected above the water, however far below the copper bell might sink, and the diver was thus enabled, by means of a flexible mouthpiece, perforated like one of the improved French respirators, not only to inspire or respire with the utmost facility, but also to speak to the person whose duty it was to guide the apparatus from the surface, so as to enable him to move at pleasure from point to point of the scene of his operations. Sitting at ease across the leaden saddle, Monsieur Dandurau's diver, dressed in a light suit of waterproof, instead of the weighty costume which formerly encumbered him, had his arms and feet at perfect liberty, and, by means of a small engine on the deck of the vessel above, was supplied with an abundance of air at the ordinary healthy pressure.

DIVING, PAST AND PRESENT.—DANDURAN'S DIVING-BELL.

This machine was never very extensively used, as the reader will see that it was neither one thing nor the other. It was not a diving-dress, and still less a diving-bell.

(To be continued.)

## TRUE STORIES ABOUT THE INDIANS.

### No. IX.

REMARKABLE INSTANCES OF HARDIHOOD—THOMAS MILLS—THE CRIPPLED SOLDIERS—CAPTAIN GREGG AND HIS DOG.

THE rangers and scouts in the Indian country must have had as many lives as the proverbial cat. When we read the stories that are told of them, the wonder is that their hair ever grew gray, and was not hanging at some redskin's girdle almost as soon as they had reached manhood. They could not have escaped so many dangers if they had not been, for bodily strength and endurance, a picked race.

Delicate children, if any such were born to the mothers of the backwoods, must have been soon killed off by the rough nursery in which they began life. The rest grew up so tough and hardy as to take a great deal of killing, and to bear without murmur hardship and suffering which would soon make an end of nine out of ten ordinary men.

There was a man called Thomas Mills, who lived far on into this century, but whose youth was gone before the American colonies had separated from England. One night he was fishing in a canoe, with a torch burning in the bows. This was a common way of fishing, used by the Indians and the settlers; the light attracted the fish, and enabled the man in the canoe to spear them. But, on this occasion, the torch did more than the fisherman had bargained for. It brought on him a party of Indians, who, hiding behind the bushes, took deliberate aim, and wounded Mills in *fourteen* places. He had strength left to paddle his canoe to the shore; and one would have thought there was an end of him. But no! There was no doctor probably within a hundred miles; yet he recovered, and lived to a good age, with the scars of fourteen bullets on him.

Many such stories could be told. The most extraordinary is, perhaps, that of a strange pair of cripples, the name of one of whom has not been preserved.

In the Autumn of 1779 a party of Kentuckians, going up the Ohio, fell into an ambuscade of the Shawnees. They had been tempted to leave their boats and follow into the woods a few Indians who showed themselves; then suddenly to the Americans, some seventy strong, found hundreds of the red men whooping around them, and more than forty fell at the first volley. Their retreat being cut off, only a few succeeded in breaking through the enemy and getting away.

Among those left wounded on the ground was Captain Robert Benham, who had both his legs broken by a ball. Escaping the notice of the eager pursuers, he was able to crawl into the branches of a large fallen tree. Here he lay concealed all that day and the next. He heard the Indians moving about as they sought to strip and scalp the bodies of his unfortunate comrades. The poor man's own fate seemed scarcely more fortunate. Helpless, in agony, and without food, he lay in a continual terror of being discovered and murdered; it would not have been surprising if he had preferred death to such misery.

On the evening of the second day all was quiet, and the wounded man could no longer bear the pangs of hunger. He fired at a raccoon which he saw on a tree close by. It fell; but how was he to reach it in his crippled state? How could he gather materials for a fire? Able to use his arms, he was like to starve for want of legs.

But no sooner had the echo of the shot died away than he heard a cry. Fearing it to be the voice of an Indian, he was hastily reloading his gun. The cry was repeated nearer; the owner of the voice was clearly seeking him. Benham made ready to sell his life dearly. What was his relief when he recognized the sound of his own language! He called out in return, and one of his late companions appeared, in almost as bad a plight as himself.

Strange to say, this man had both his arms broken! The two brothers, thus paralyzed, were helpless without one another, while, by mutual help, they were able to provide for their livelihood. The one who had still the use of his legs kicked the dead body of the raccoon within the other's reach, and he, in turn, using his arms, was able to light a fire and dress it, when fuel had been brought to him in the same awkward manner. Benham's hands fed his companion as well as himself, and dressed their wounds with bandages torn from their shirts.

The man with the broken legs placed his hat between the teeth of the man with the broken arms, who, wading neck-deep in the river, dipped it into the water, and brought it back full. When all the small birds and beasts within reach had been killed, the man who could walk beat the woods, and drove the game within shot of his friend. Luckily, wild turkeys and other birds abounded in the neighborhood, and Benham was a good marksman, so, as long as the ammunition lasted, this couple of cripples need not fear want. It was well for them that they were hardy backwoodsmen, accustomed to endure pain and exposure almost as well as the Indians themselves.

In this extraordinary manner they made a shift to live for some weeks, and their wounds began to heal. Their prospects were still very gloomy. Winter was drawing on. The place where they were was a solitude, shunned by the whites as the frequent lurking-place of Indian warriors, by whom the helpless invalids might expect to be found sooner than by any passing party of their own countrymen. They contrived to put up a little shed on the banks of the river, and there day after day went wearily by, while the keen blasts stripped bare the forest that seemed likely to be their tomb, and they watched with anxious hope for the appearance of some boat.

At last, near the end of November, a large boat appeared, and we may guess with what eagerness the poor fellows shouted and made signs to those on board. But, to their horror and despair, the boat held over to the other bank, and the crew beat to their oars to hurry past the spot, they feared another ambush. When, however, they had gone some way down the river, their humanity got the better of their suspicions. The miserable men, who fancied themselves abandoned to their fate, saw a canoe put off from the stern of the larger craft, and paddle cautiously toward them. It was only after a long parley, that their story was credited, and the canoe came to shore for them with doubt and precautions against treachery.

Now their misfortunes were at an end. A pair of wretched objects, haggard, unshaven, almost naked, and scarcely yet able to use their limbs, they found themselves once more among friends, and had now to complain of no want of help and sympathy.

Both men recovered entirely from their severe wounds; and it is known that Benham, at least, lived to share in many another fight with the Indians. When this part of the country became settled, he bought the spot on which he had suffered so much, where he spent the rest of his life, and died peaceably in his bed, as he could scarcely have expected to do when he made his first acquaintance with the place.

Everybody has heard of the Indian custom of scalping; but everybody does not know how often it happened that a man was scalped while still alive, generally in the heat of a fight, and recovered from the hideous wound, after all. Of such cases the most remarkable is, perhaps, that of Captain Gregg, who owed his life to the sagacity and affection of a dog.

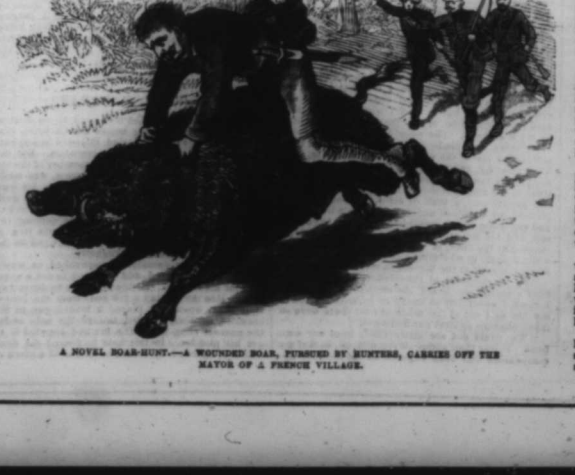
During the revolutionary war the frontier settlements of New York suffered from the incursions of Indians in the British service. The Iroquois tribes, the most warlike of all the red men, and the native inhabitants of this part of the country, took the royalist side in the quarrel, and did all they could to harass and ruin the thinly-scattered settlers who were turning their hunting-grounds into fields and villages.

Being familiar with every path and stream, these Indians were able to make frequent raids from Canada upon the more exposed situations, killing, burning, and destroying, and retreating with their booty and prisoners before the people had time to gather for defense or pursuit. The poor farmer never knew whether he should gather the corn he had planted with such anxiety, and reaped at the risk of his life.

No man went to bed without fearing that all his property might be destroyed through the night, and himself and his family obliged to fly, or fight for their lives, before morning. Hundreds were killed in these forays, or put to death afterward by the tortures which the English officers had not always enough control over their ferocious allies to prevent.

Hundreds of women and children, as well as men, were driven off to captivity; mothers were torn away from their children, husbands from their wives. Many families, in despair, left the neighborhood, which at the end of the war had only one-third of its former population. There were said to be three hundred widows and two thousand orphans.

For seven years this miserable state of things lasted. The attacks were generally so sudden and so well contrived that the settlers were taken by surprise, or assailed by numbers which made resist-



A NOVEL BOAR-HUNT.—A WOUNDED BOAR, PURSUED BY HUNTERS, CARRIES OFF THE MAYOR OF A FRENCH VILLAGE.

ance out of the question. If warned in time, they had usually to leave all to the mercy of the invaders, and seek refuge in the nearest town or fort, where they were often obliged to remain months at a time, without daring to go to their homes.

Throughout the country were scattered several of these forts, which had been built originally by the English as a protection against the French, and were now of as good service to the Americans.

No post was more exposed then Fort Stanwix, buried in the forest near the head of the Mohawk River. From the outbreak of the war it was in constant danger. The Indians' mode of fighting was of little use against fortified places, indeed; but the garrison were obliged to be ceaselessly on their guard. Small scouting parties of savages or loyalists skulked in the woods about the fort. The soldiers going out to cut wood or turf were often attacked; and it was not always easy to get in provisions, or to keep up communications with Albany, the nearest large town.

The utmost precaution being thus necessary, the commander ordered that none of his men were to shoot in the woods, for fear of bringing down the prowling enemy upon him. But the hunting instincts of backwoodsmen were too strong for this prohibition. One morning Captain Gregg and Corporal Madison went out after breakfast with their guns and a little dog belonging to the former. A great flock of pigeons had appeared in the neighborhood, and these two men were determined to have a shot at them.

The commander had judged the danger only too well. A few days later some children, harmlessly picking blackberries close to the walls of the fort, were fired on, and two of them killed. Next month the fort was regularly besieged. But poor Gregg and Madison had not to wait so long to repent of their rash disobedience to orders.

They were just about to fire at some birds when the woods rang with the report of the two other guns, and both men fell to the ground. Then two Indians bounded forth from the trees behind which they had taken such sure aim, and rushed forward to secure the scalps of their victims.

The corporal was killed. Captain Gregg had been wounded in the side; but he had enough presence of mind to consider that his only chance of life, in his helpless condition, was to feign death.

He lay as still as a corpse, and did not flinch or utter a sound when the Indian struck him several times with his tomahawk. He had even the fortitude to bear, without moving, the cutting and tearing off of his scalp. Assoon as he had secured this trophy, the Indian hurried away with his companion.

When they were gone, the unfortunate officer was able to rise and look about him. The pain he suffered must have been frightful, and, after all, he had gained little by his extraordinary feat of endurance.

He could not hope to make his way to the fort; the only prospect before him was that of dying in slow agony, unless, by any means, help could find him in this lonely spot, which was not likely, as he was between two and three miles from the fort. Dizzy and covered with blood, he managed to stagger to the body of his dead comrade. Pillowing his head on it, he found some little relief. His senses were still so clear that he looked at his watch, and perhaps tried to reckon how many hours he had to live.

Now the little dog came up, showing the liveliest distress at its master's suffering, yelping and fawning upon the captain, as if begging to know how it could be of service. Gregg saw that it was of no estate to be comforted by such expressions of sympathy. He spoke crossly to the dog, telling it to leave him alone, and to go and fetch some one if it really wished to help.

As if faithful animal understood, it flew off, and never stopped till it reached a part of the river where two or three men were fishing. Their attention was soon called by its behavior. It barked, it whined, it ran on, turning round to see if they would follow; it caught the skirts of their coats in its teeth, trying to pull them along; it pushed against their legs; it did everything but speak to make them accompany him. At last they began to guess that something was wrong, and agreed to go with it.

Upon the way they had almost turned back, considering the danger and the absurdity of being led in such a way by a dog; but the poor thing showed such marks of eagerness and trouble that it managed to bring them up to the place where Gregg was lying, sufficiently conscious to speak and to be amazed at his little dog's good sense and affection. He had been for four hours in this miserable situation.

The men hurried to the fort with news of what they had seen, and a strong party was at once sent out to carry in the poor fellows. The corporal was buried, and it seemed likely that Gregg's comrades would have to do the same last duty for him. When brought in at three o'clock, he was still able to relate what had happened to him; but he soon became delirious, and his recovery was very doubtful. In the end, however, he did recover, and served throughout the war without his scalp, but not without having his wits about him.

[To be continued.]

## LATEST FROM THE AFGHANS.

### A LESSON IN GEOGRAPHY.

OLD Shere Ali, the wise ameer,
His treasures moved the other day,
'Cause Jellalabad seemed too near
The British columns' way.

To move his goods a Kurman bold
Old Shere Sukkur-ed without delay,
But, oh, Jamrood-y did he scold
When loaded was the dray.

For the Karman's Mula bad one seemed,
And showed he basely meant to Balkh;
"Oh, Gumma long," the Karman screamed,
"Oh, come and Takhawak."

"I'll Kurug-y" said the angry Shere,
And got a Cabul long and thick,
And Wakhan toward that critter's rear
Received a stunning kick.

At this Badakshan of the mule
The Karman smeared his head Indus-t,
"Wish I Hadarai; Gwadar, fool!"
Screamed Ali in disgust.

"Oh, Kuhm," the Karman gently said,
"I didn't r-Azm, sir, at least."
"D'ye praise the mule?" howled Shere, quite red,
"Oh, Nastrabad beast,"

"You Faizabad man, you old fool,"
That Balkh-y beast did Ali greet;
As he Quettah swearing, that queer mule
Herat-tied down the street.

## SWIMMING.

"CAN you swim?" is a question asked of every boy when he is telling his friends what his progress in learning various accomplishments has been during the past year; and it is a most serious and necessary inquiry, as on the answer may depend the life of the lad himself, and of others who might require his aid on some important occasion. Swimming is not only the most enjoyable, but the most really useful of all the many accomplishments which constitute the education of every lady or gentleman, or, indeed, of every person, of whatever grade of life they may chance to be. When the writer of this was in a man-of-war a few years since, the crew of the ship was piped to bathe, and out of a total number of 800, *not one half* could swim. Appended is given the number of deaths by accidental drowning in England and Wales in the years from 1860 to 1870, as:

| *Years.* | *Persons Drowned.* | *Males Drowned.* | *Females Drowned.* |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1860 | 2,264 | 1,998 | 356 |
| 1861 | 2,351 | 1,994 | 357 |
| 1862 | 2,463 | 2,051 | 412 |
| 1863 | 2,488 | 2,088 | 400 |
| 1864 | 2,714 | 2,250 | 464 |
| 1865 | 2,823 | 2,427 | 396 |
| 1866 | 2,786 | 2,386 | 400 |
| 1867 | 2,676 | 2,259 | 417 |
| 1868 | 2,924 | 2,498 | 426 |
| 1869 | 2,696 | 2,302 | 394 |
| 1870 | 2,504 | 2,113 | 391 |
| | 28,689 | 24,376 | 4,613 |

It will thus be seen that the average loss each year from drowning by accident amounts to the terrible total of 2,868.

When we consider these figures, it is appalling that such a number should thus be annually consigned to a watery grave, the greater portion of whom were doubtless in the prime of life, and enjoying excellent health, and who, had they been able to *swim*, or if some swimmer had been at hand at the right moment, might have been living now.

To show the use of this noble art, the following narrative of an escape from peril, and the rescue of five lives, by the individual gallantry of a *swimmer*, has been rarely equaled and never excelled in the records of high and noble daring:

"Mahebourg, Island of Mauritius,
"June 30th, 1848.

"The following account of an almost miraculous escape that I and five other officers have had from drowning will interest you all, I have no doubt. On the 25th we made a hosting party to visit one of our detachments about fifteen miles from here, at Grand River, southeast; we left this about eleven A.M., and, after reaching our destination at half-past two, started at four o'clock P.M. for home, the weather then looking anything but promising. When about four miles from home and from the shore we were overset by a squall. It came upon us so suddenly that we had no chance to do anything; torrents of rain fell at the time; and there we were, drifting along on the side of the boat (which luckily did not sink), without a chance of assistance, and the night setting in. This happened about half-past five o'clock, and at this season it is dark. We drifted in this way for about two hours, and at last grounded in about seven feet of water. It was very nearly dark; and all that we could see were the tops of the mountains in the horizon—we supposed we were about two miles from the shore. All of us but myself had stripped on being upset, as I knew if we came to, we swim. I could take my clothes off in a moment. As it turned out, I think I was lucky in this, for they perhaps, though wet, kept me a little warmer than my companions.

SWIMMING.—STRIKING OUT.

"Nothing seemed to give us a chance of being saved except holding on till daylight; and as it was terribly cold, this seemed next to impossible.

"At last it struck me I might be able to swim ashore to procure assistance, and I got permission from the others to do so. Our boatman, a creole, who also said he would go, started with me to make the attempt. I left them with a hearty 'God bless you!' from all. After swimming some time I lost sight of the boatman, and was left to myself. I swam back a little, shouting as loud as I could; but, getting no answer, and feeling for my own sake that I must push on, I turned my head toward the mountain tops (my only guide) and struck out my best.

"I must most certainly have been swimming for more than an hour when I landed. I found myself a little tired, and very much benumbed, barefooted, 'en chemise,' and not able to see two yards before me, it was so dark. My first impulse was to fall on my knees and thank Providence; after which, curious to say, my military schooling came to my aid in the 'extension motions,' which brought some little feeling into my limbs, and enabled me to continue my work. After feeling my way for about half an hour along the shore, shouting all the time, I came to a cottage, where I was hospitably received. They told me that they had heard my cries some time, but fancied I was some drunken man returning home, or else they would have come to my assistance. The poor black gave me some dry clothes, and made me a cup of tea, and then conducted me to the proprietor of the estate, who lived close by, and who at the same time sent a small boat like a canoe, dug out of a solid trunk of a large tree) in the neighborhood, M. Chiran (the name of the proprietor), a man of color, as soon as I explained my situation and my want of a boat to go and assist the others, immediately offered to go himself, and his son also insisted on going with him; I jumped at the offer, of course, and we immediately walked down to where his pirogue was moored, and started, myself at the bottom to serve as guide.

"By the blessing of Providence, after about an hour's search we heard the cries from the wreck. I think I never felt so happy or so light-hearted in my life as I did at this moment; for there were so many chances against our finding it.

"We could not see many yards from our own boat. It was then about eleven o'clock, so that my companions had been exposed on the boat for upward of five hours. Luckily, with great care, we got them safely into the pirogue without capsizing her, and by twelve o'clock we were safely housed under M. Chiran's hospitable roof, who fed, clothed, and lodged us for the night.

"In the morning the unfortunate creole boatman was found dead from cold and cramp about half a mile from the place he was supposed to have landed at. The kindness, hospitality, and truly generous assistance afforded by M. Chiran, at the risk of his own life and that of his son, are deserving of all praise. It was a service of danger to go out even at all in a pirogue on such a rough night, much more to go and seek for five drowning men three miles out at sea. He wished his son not to go, but the latter would not allow his father to go without him. Constantly, during our long search, when the son was getting tired of pulling the boat, the father would cry out and encourage him, saying, 'Courage, mon fils!'"

One of the principal things to bear in mind is that the human frame is so watery in its composition that one of the weight of 150 pounds, if thoroughly desiccated, would not weigh more than fifteen pounds. To enable a man to swim without exertion or to float safely in the water with his head out of it, he must have some additional means of flotation or buoyancy—*i.e.*, he must be able to displace more than his own weight of water. Those men who have a large development of chest and lungs are sure to float lightly in the water. Again, a very fat man can swim very easily, for fat, whilst it adds to the bulk, does not increase the bone and muscle. Ducks, geese, and other water-fowl are so buoyant from the peculiar construction of their feathers and their power of oiling them.

If the human body was of the same specific gravity as water, and it was required to raise the head above the surface, it would be only necessary to displace as much water as would be equal to the bulk of the head; but as a rule only about one-half of the head requires this support, and a force of flotation equal to about six pounds is sufficiently found to be sufficient; therefore, any object that will in floating support six pounds is enough to insure a man against being drowned.

Experiment proves that a healthy person can expel about seven pints of air, and then there still remains in the lungs a considerable quantity. Each pint of air is equal to the support of a pound in weight of any substance, and we may safely estimate the capacity of the lungs at one gallon, or about nine or ten pounds floating power. Therefore, man carries with him his own life-buoy, and should be educated so as to fully comprehend how to apply this store of safety to the greatest advantage when called upon in any emergency to save either his own or the lives of others in danger of drowning.

There are various modes of swimming. To begin with, there is the usual method; the upright or Italian; the dog-like; the hand over hand; on the back; on the side; with various variety also under water, or diving; and varied fancy and ornamental methods of displaying one's power in the water. These exhibitions are, in general, peculiar to those professional swimmers who give from time to time a public display of their powers in the water, and what can be done by any one who will only persevere in conquering the few simple rules necessary to enable them to become powerful swimmers.

The first rule in learning to swim is to gain *confidence*; and until a man has that he cannot swim. As a rule, one should never employ artificial means, such as corks, life-preservers, or any such contrivance, as more can be gained by frequenting a swimming bath, when within reach, as there are usually greater facilities there for learning from qualified attendants, who are always at hand.

Having selected the most suitable place for the purpose, enter the water gradually, and when you have waded as far out as to let the water reach to your chest, turn toward the shore, draw your hands up to your chest, keeping the fingers close together, the thumbs pressing against the forefingers so as to form a sort of hollow scoop, which gives you a greater power of propulsion than if the hands must be downward. The lower part of the arm and elbow should be close to the body; next stretch out the arms to the full extent, just under the surface of the water; turn the palms of the hands out and take a circular stroke until the arms are square with the shoulder; then draw the hands back to the first position. These three movements in our new extension motions for learners of swimming should be repeated several times by numbers—*i.e.*, at the word *one*, draw your hands up to your chest, keeping the fingers close together, etc., at the word *two*, stretch your arms out to the full extent, keeping them just under the surface of the water; at the word *three*, turn the palms of the hands out, and take a circular stroke until the arms are square with the shoulder. When the learner has gone through these motions several times by word from the instructor, he should do it, judging his own time, the speed of the movement being gradually increased until the three separate actions merge into one motion, easily performed by the pupil.

[To be continued.]

## A NOVEL FOX-TRAP.

THE cunning of the fox was used as an illustration by writers long before the Christian era, and since that eventful period Reynard has apparently lost none of his sly characteristics. But the following incident shows how a countryman in a small town, in spite of his proverbial shyness, was made to become, by an ingenious contrivance, his own executioner. In West Fryeburg, Me., lives a well-known farmer named T. J. Haley, whose coops had been visited by a hungry fox, and one evening the rascal killed eleven half-grown chickens, ten of which he ate or carried off, leaving one dead on the ground near the scene of slaughter.

Mr. Haley was considerably provoked, as would naturally be expected, and resolved to set a novel trap for his foxship. So the next day he drove two stakes into the ground a few rods from the coops, split them open, and placed a loaded gun in the crevices, carefully pointed toward the hole under the nearest coop where the fox had crawled in to get his plunder. In this hole he placed the dead chicken, fastened by a cord to an end of a piece of wood arranged to play forward and back, like a whiffle-tree, and to the other end of this stick he tied a rope, connected with the trigger of the gun held in position by the two sticks, as previously mentioned. He took pains to sight the gun about as high as an ordinary hat above the hole under the coop; also carefully adjusted the rope so that nothing could discharge the gun unless the chicken in the hole was laid hold of. The next morning, on visiting the coop, there lay the misguided fox, dead as a door-nail, with his head in the hole, and the fatal chicken in his stiffened paws. The plan worked to a charm, and caused, perhaps, the first case on record where one of the wiliest of the animal kingdom was enticed into becoming the instrument of his own destruction.

## INVENTIVE BEN;

### Or,

### How a Boy Became a Jack-of-all-Trades and Master, Too.

BY COMMODORE AH-LOOK.

### CHAPTER XLII.

#### A TIMID INVENTOR.

"TRACY TITUS'S Patent Awakener," or rather inventive Ben's apparatus, worked to a charm, but, unfortunately, to his nervous agitation the organist had touched the wrong knob—No. 214—which communicated with the seat occupied by the deacon's wife, who, on feeling the current agitate her backbone, uttered a prolonged howl!

As such noises were not uncommon among the congregation, particularly when a revival was in progress, the minister did not take any notice of it, and was proceeding with his discourse, when the trembling Titus shrank from the view of those below, and in so doing seated himself upon the disk, this action discharging the entire force of the battery, and producing a commotion the like of which had never been known in that edifice.

For some time Ben was so convulsed with inward laughter, that he dare not move; however, when he had conquered his emotion, he pushed Titus from his position and bade him brace himself up, remarking, in a whisper:

"If you shake and shiver like that, they'll suspect you."

"Oh!" breathed the terrified young man, "what have I done? What have I done?"

Thatcher moved the telltale dial out of sight, and gently closed the red curtains, thus screening the organist from the minister's gaze, having accomplished which he shook the dazed Titus, and said, in a low tone:

"See here, you are behaving in a very quiverer-like way; your machine works splendidly, and if you only shut your mouth, folks won't be any wiser. The old man's going on with his sermon, and none of them knew what struck them."

"Don't you think they'll find out?" timidly asked the other.

"Nary a find," was Ben's cool rejoinder. "I insulated a button to the seat of each chair, and covered it so that I defy any one but an electrician to discover the secret. Now, you be of good cheer, my young friend. As soon as the service is over we'll give them another touch-up."

"Not with my consent!" indignantly replied Titus. "I wish I had never seen you."

"Oh, if you mean to be rusty about it," observed Ben, "I shall go home. You advertised for a first-class invention, and, confound it, you ain't satisfied!"

"Please don't desert me!" ejaculated the organist. "I'd give half I possess if I had never become an inventor, so I would."

"Well, I'm blessed!" murmured Thatcher, as he regarded the agitated skeleton. "You an inventor? I like your cheek, I do. Never mind; as you were so mighty anxious to put your name on this thing you'll have to back it right through."

"I'll never speak to you again," spitefully retorted Titus. "Get out of this!"

Ben chuckled.

However, not wishing to attract attention, he waited until the service was over, when he descended the gallery-stairs and mingled with the crowd, who, as they quitted the building, made the most comical remarks.

"It was an earthquake!" said one.

"A stroke of lightning!" remarked another one.

"The nitro-glycerine works have exploded at Powderville!" said a third.

"It's a warning to those who fall asleep during sermon-time!" piped little Miss Billings.

"Oh, Mr. Thatcher!" exclaimed Miss Simmons, coming forward and smiling sweetly upon him. "Did you feel the shock? It seemed to strike the congregation in rows, and was awfully amusing."

While she was speaking Tracy Titus, pale as a whitened wall, came down the stairway, and endeavored to slink off, on noticing which the young lady called him to her, saying:

"I've been asking Mr. Thatcher if he felt that funny feeling we all experienced just as pa commenced his discourse. Did you?"

The poor fellow, for he was really to be pitied, mumbled something, and was about to slip away when Ben headed him off, and winking, whispered:

"Bliss her home, my boy; she says she'll have you if you'll only ask her."

"Did she? Did she?" eagerly inquired the other.

"You sih't joking, are you?"

"Joking!" solemnly answered Thatcher. "I should be very sorry to do such a thing. Don't look so scared, mister. See, she's waiting for you. Go in and win, old grasshopper; she won't say no."

Titus summoned all his courage, and advancing toward the young lady, bowed and said:

"May I—may I—have the pleasure of—of—of your——"

"Certainly," merrily replied the pretty girl, nodding to the inventor. "You'll excuse me, won't you, Mr. Thatcher?"

"With pleasure!" drawled Ben. "Two's company and three ain't."

The congregation had nearly all dispersed, so the pair walked off, and were able to speak without being overheard, leaving Thatcher to go in the opposite direction.

"Guess she'll shake it out of him," he mused, as he watched them move down the avenue. "I wonder what he has to the pocket of his ulster. Hanged if I don't think it's the dial-plate of the awakener. Guess he'll show it to her and confess the whole bis. I'm glad I didn't put my name on it."

The next morning the newspapers contained a long account of the extraordinary phenomenon experienced by the congregation of Doctor Simmons's church, while some of the letters on the subject so tickled Ben that he could scarcely eat his breakfast.

"I shouldn't wonder if that fellow Titus tries to go back on me," he thought. "Well, if he does I'll make it warm for him."

Just then his landlady entered the room, and after glancing wildly round, inquired:

"Where's Mr. Thatcher? There's a policeman outside who wishes to see him."

"Tell him to come in," said our young friend.

"What have you been doing?" timidly asked an old maid, who sat opposite to him at the table.

"Making money," he calmly replied, then nothing the arrival of the officer, added: "When I'm in State prison you'll come to see me, won't you?"

"I want one Benjamin Thatcher," thundered the officer, as though addressing a number of dead people. "Which of you is him?"

"Did you ever go to a public school, mister?" smilingly demanded Thatcher. "You shoot as if the committee were hard of hearing."

"Are you the boy I want?" growled the other.

"No, sir," said Ben, "I'm a man. Sit down and take some breakfast, and don't try to look so crusty. I wonder that you have the cheek to make such grimaces before ladies. You ought to be careful."

"Are you Benjamin Thatcher?" snarled the officer.

"I am," was Ben's response. "What do you want? A subscription?"

"I want you to go with me on this warrant," rudely retorted the policeman.

"I'm afraid I couldn't do it," was the merry rejoinder. "If you'll bring along a sled I don't mind going on it, but to use that paper as a means of locomotion is absurd, my friend. Suppose we walk together to the City Hall? I'd like to pay my compliments to his honor the mayor."

As the pair left the house the boarders gathered at the windows and passed various remarks upon Thatcher, which, luckily for them, never reached his ears.

"Who charges the prisoner?" demanded the justice, as the collegian was brought before him.

"I do," said Mr. Simmons, emerging from a private room in which Thatcher saw Tracy Titus and the young lady, who seemed to be on the best of terms with him. "I accuse that person of having wilfully electrified my congregation."

"That's more than ever you did," dryly remarked Ben, which observation caused every one to smile, the minister being celebrated for his dull sermons.

"This is a very extraordinary affair," said the mayor, who had heard all about the matter. "Benjamin Thatcher, what have you to say in your defense?"

Ben rose, smiled, drew the back of his hand across his mouth, and after coughing significantly, beckoned to Titus, saying:

"I want you here, my friend; and you, too, missy."

"Come along!" exclaimed the young lady. "Don't be bashful, Tracy."

This remark so tickled the audience that it was some moments ere Ben's voice could be heard, and when he began his story the people roared worse than ever.

"I warned him," he drawled, "that invention was not all sunshine and happiness, but it wasn't any use. He said he was dead-gone on Miss Simmons, and that she had told him if anybody were to invent something to wake up people during sermon-time she would marry them out of gratitude; you spite of all that, he turned round, denied he has taken out the patent, and wants to shunt her off on to me."

"You beedn't alarm yourself, young man," snapped the young lady referred to; "pa married me to Tracy this morning. I'm not to be had."

"Good enough!" he retorted. "I don't think you'll want too smart a fellow for a husband. He's regular Boston silver-strip, he is."

## CHAPTER XLIII.

### BEN HEARS SOME VERY PLAIN TALK.

WHEN the young ladies of Grainger heard that Inventive Ben had assisted in bringing about the marriage between Tracy Titus and Miss Simmonds they resolved to cultivate the collegian's acquaintance, but as he did not quite see it in that light, he declined their invitations, and devoted his spare moments to designing and making a kerosene engine, to be attached to a reaping-machine invented by Professor MacNab.

By the end of February, Ben had completed his labor, and constructed a compact little motor of about five horse-power, which he exhibited at the Mechanics' Fair, held in the City Hall, his relatives and Fanny paying him a visit and staying a couple of days.

"It's first-class to see you again, Fan," he remarked, as they strolled along one of the galleries. "I wish you'd come and live here."

"I expect to graduate next term," was her rejoinder. "The committee have promised to give me charge of our old school. Say, Ben, won't you describe some of these machines for me?"

"Certainly," he said, approaching an apparatus used in manufacturing some white-looking sandies. "The man who runs this has gone away for his supper, but I guess I can set the thing in motion for you. All I'll have to do will be to shift that belt."

As he uttered these words he connected the gearing, whereupon the machine began to operate, and a continuous stream of sugar pellets poured out of a tube, beneath which was placed a small tin can.

"What are you doing over there?" demanded another exhibitor, addressing Ben. "Don't you know that visitors are forbidden to meddle with the machinery? You'll lose your hands before you know where you are!"

"Don't you worry yourself, young man," smilingly answered the collegian, as he pushed the belt off the drum. "I'm a practical mechanic and the inventor of Thatcher's Kerosene Motor."

"Come away, come away, Fan," whispered Fanny. "We've no right to touch these things, although you seem to know all about them."

When she was turning to depart, her costume caught the edge of the can and sent it spinning on to the ground below, where its contents scattered like shot, and, as they resembled candles, were eagerly scrambled for by the crowd, some of whom shouted:

"Throw us down another lot."

"Now you've done it!" angrily observed the exhibitor who had before addressed them. "Here comes Monsieur Bigot, and you'll get what you deserve."

"Eh, eh?" demanded a short, fat, black-eyed little Frenchman, who just then appeared on the scene. "Vat is zis matinée?"

"See here, mister," quietly responded Ben; "I was showing this young lady how your candy machine worked, when we unfortunately upset a tin full of them among the cinks below."

"Vat!" shrieked the little man, as he wildly clawed his hair, and, leaning over the rail, he yelled to the searchers below: "Stop, stop! don't eat dem things; dey's pills!"

"How?" cried Thatcher. "Pills? Thunderation! they'll all be physicked!"

"Throw us down some more!" yelled the crowd; which, by this time, had greatly increased in number.

Monsieur Bigot was almost beside himself with terror and vexation, and turning upon the cool-looking collegian, shook his fist in his face and ejaculated:

"You great, big Yankee, poke-nose, inquisitive cochon! vat for you interiere vis my machine?"

"More pills!" cried the crowd; "more pills!"

"Oh, my gracious, my gracious!" squeaked the unhappy foreigner, alternately wringing his hands and clutching his short-cropped hair. "I hal you put in prison! vat you call your name? Dem pills will make people sick, and den you answer for it!"

"Confound it!" said Thatcher, whose face turned as red as a beet: "what are they for?"

"To kill cockroaches, bugs, and other vermins," gasped the man.

"Oh, is *that* all?" drawled Ben. "What are they worth a quart?" Come, you needn't stick it on because I've made a mistake. Just quote the wholesale price, and I'll pony up like a man."

Monsieur Bigot mentioned the value of the globules, and when he had received the money accompanied Thatcher below, and endeavored to explain the ingredients of the candy, but his language was so mixed up that Ben, eliciting him aside, said:

"Fellow-citizens, I know you are all fond of sugar. Let me tell you a little secret. Them pills you picked up are roach-poison, and, if you eat them, will produce serious consequences."

Fortunately for our young friend, most of the pellets had vanished through the holes in the floor, and it was finally ascertained that only about a dozen had been eaten by persons having parlors of more than one, which number Monsieur Bigot said would not do them any harm.

"Come!" whispered Fanny to her companion; "let us get out of this."

"I want my smart that time," he murmured, as they walked toward his engine. "Well, it's always the way. I'm so chock full of knowledge that I can't help trying everything I come across."

The girl laughed at this, and said:

"You'll never want any one to blow your horn for you, Ben."

"You don't think me conceited, do you, Fan?"

"No," was her rejoinder; "but I can't see any occasion for you to boast so much about what you do. If you coppered from anybody it wouldn't be so surprising; as it is, it detracts from your ability."

This made him mad, and he did not attempt to reply.

"Ben!" she exclaimed, as they parted for the night, "are you angry with me? I merely said what I did for your good."

"Good you call it, eh?" he muttered. "It will do me a lot of good."

"I hope it will," she continued. "I think you are just the right age, and that you will make your mark in the world; and knowing you as well as I do, desire to see you conquer your conceit."

Instead of making a reply he coolly turned on his heel and quitted her, thinking, as he walked homeward:

"Conceited, am I? Now, if she said such a thing of that fellow, London, there might be some truth in it. I'll pretend to be cross with her for a day or two, and will get her mad up."

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Fortunately for our young friend, most of the pellets had vanished through the holes in the floor, and it was finally ascertained that only about a dozen had been eaten by persons having parlors of more than one, which number Monsieur Bigot said would not do them any harm.

"Come!" whispered Fanny to her companion; "let us get out of this."

"I want my smart that time," he murmured, as they walked toward his engine. "Well, it's always the way. I'm so chock full of knowledge that I can't help trying everything I come across."

The girl laughed at this, and said:

"You'll never want any one to blow your horn for you,

Ere MacNab could offer further remonstrance, his pupil was out of sight and making the best of his way to his lodgings.

"Captain Sherman was right," thought the young inventor, as he packed his carpet-bag. "If you want to be blown up, kicked, mashed and evilly treated, mine's the business. Guess I'll drop it for a while and turn my attention to a trade."

While he was thus engaged he heard his landlady ascending the stairs, and presently she knocked at the door, saying:

"There's two ladies wish to see you in the parlor."

"Who are they?" he snapped.

"I don't know," responded the woman. "They wouldn't tell me their names."

"See here," he warmly exclaimed, as he rammed his garments into the receptacle. "Ever since I made that awakener for Tracy Titus I've been pestered by a set of females who have wanted me to design something for them. Tell them to go and see Professor MacNab."

"Very well," she answered, and away she went.

"Bother the women," he growled. "I wish Fan hadn't seen me tipped off in that ridiculous fashion. There was I standing up in the reaper with the national flag fluttering over my head, feeling as good as a fellow could, when all of a sudden I was hoisted and left in a hole like a mud-turtle. No wonder she laughed, though I think if she cared for me she might have sent a line to say she was coming. Never mind; I'll get even with her. I'll quit Grainger without calling at the hotel."

When he had thus eased his mind he seated himself at the table and wrote the following note:

"Wednesday Afternoon.

"Mr. Benjamin Thatcher's compliments to the President of the Grainger School of Agriculture and Practical Mechanics, and begs to inform him he will no longer attend as a student in that institution at the same time he desires to express his approval of the manner in which practical mechanics are taught, and to say it will always give him extreme satisfaction to recommend the college and faculty to persons desirous of availing themselves of such institution. In conclusion, he bids a regretful farewell to *Alma Mater*, and requests, as a parting favor, that his name may be engraved on a marble slab and placed in the entrance-hall, knowing it will one day be the pride of the college that the great inventor, Benjamin Thatcher, received his scientific instruction within its walls. Being fully aware the institution is not over-well endowed, he incloses a hundred dollars in bills to cover the expense of the testimonial, any surplus being freely given to the general fund.

"P. S.—The two mechanical frogs, loaned to Messrs Hen Bowditch and Sammy Spicer, of the agricultural department, I desire may be deposited in the museum of the institute, and labeled in plain letters 'Thatcher's Mechanical *Rana Pipens*,' also that there may be attached to them a full description of my eccentric, which I desire may be written by my esteemed friend and late partner, Professor MacNab. B. T."

Ben folded this epistle, and having addressed and stamped it, picked up his effects, grasped his trusty stick and started down-stairs.

"Why, Mr. Thatcher," said his landlady, "surely you are not going to leave us?"

"I believe my board is paid to the end of the week," he tartly replied. "Did you give those women my message?"

"Yes," she answered, bridling up. "I said that you did not want to be pestered with them." Adding, as she handed him a note, "The missy left this for you."

Thatcher tore open the communication, and glancing at it, read as follows:

"BENJAMIN THATCHER—I always thought you very conceited, but now my opinion is you are the most ungentlemanly young man I know.

"FANNY LEE."

INVENTIVE BEN.—"THE WORDS HAD SCARCELY PASSED HIS LIPS WHEN BRIGGS, SENIOR, ACCOMPANIED BY TWO BUFFIANLY-LOOKING CANAL-MEN LEAPED ROUND THE CORNER OF THE SHED, THE MAN BEING EVIDENTLY IN SEARCH OF HIS SON."—SEE PAGE 134.

"Pewengh!" he murmured; "this is a hot one. I must see Miss Fanny and talk to her."

Ben quitted the house and proceeded to the hotel, where he inquired after his old schoolfellow.

"Are you Mr. Thatcher?" demanded the clerk.

"I am," said Ben. "You have, no doubt, heard of me."

"Oh, yes," laughingly answered the other, "I saw your machine bust up a short time ago. Well, Miss Lee has left word that she does not wish to see you, so you need not call again."

The young inventor did not make any reply to this, but turned away, thinking:

"This is just the way when a celebrated person falls to do as much as folks expect. I see how it is: a trade's the thing for me. I'll get out of Grainger and try my luck elsewhere."

(To be continued.)

"Inventive Ben" was commenced in No. 641.

## Distinguished Scholars of Brooklyn (N. Y.) Schools.

### ARTHUR S. HARDING,

PUPIL OF GRAMMAR SCHOOL NO. 29, COLUMBIA STREET, CORNER AMITY STREET, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

ARTHUR S. HARDING is a very interesting boy who is attending Grammar School No. 29, Columbia Street, corner of Amity, Brooklyn, N. Y. His face is so bright and happy-looking that he seems to shed its sunshine all about him in the class and everywhere else. He was born in London, England, August 23d, 1867, making him in his twelfth year. He was brought to this country when two months old. He is the son of James and Eliza Harding. When five years old he commenced going to a public school in Philadelphia, and he studied in that city for several years. Then he entered the second grammar class of No. 29. His intelligence and his amiability soon made him a most popular scholar, and his merit soon classed him among the most distinguished of them. After a most satisfactory examination he was promoted to the first class, where he is still studying with great zeal. "He is a smart and a good boy," said the Principal. "No one in the class can do any better." He is not large in stature, but he stands erect and has good manners. His features are regular, and he has fine, luminous eyes. His gaze is not bold, but it is so honest, so cheerful, and so beaming of both mind and heart, that you are drawn toward him with a strong and tender interest.

### MAGGIE MARTIN,

PUPIL OF GRAMMAR SCHOOL NO. 29, COLUMBIA STREET, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

MAGGIE MARTIN, a thoroughly intelligent and improving pupil, was recently presented to us as a representative of the first division of the second grade in the Grammar Department of Grammar School No. 29, Columbia Street, Brooklyn, N. Y. Her standing in scholarship and deportment is so marked that she is regarded as the most meritorious scholar of her class, and an honor to her school. She was born in New York City April 28th, 1866, and is therefore in her thirteenth year. She is the daughter of John and Elizabeth Martin. At about the age of five years she first entered a school. She became very much interested in study, so that when she became a pupil in the primary department of her present school, about a year later, she had not only made excellent progress, but was very ambitious to reach higher studies. At length she was promoted to the grammar department, with a good record, and she has gone on from class to class, with a high per centage at each examination. She is a true-hearted and modest girl. Her kindly face shows her disposition, and her actions are always those which secure the esteem of all who know her.

SECRETS.—A secret is like silence—you cannot talk about it and keep it.

ARTHUR S. HARDING, PUPIL OF GRAMMAR SCHOOL NO. 29, COLUMBIA STREET, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

## ROY, THE RANGER.

### A Tale of the Mexican War.

[Our story is of stirring times, when gallant men were mustering to bear the Stars and Stripes at the head of our armies across the frontier. The boys who panted then to rush to the field of glory are, many of them, now gray-headed men; but the adventures of those days still make them feel their youth return.]

CHAPTER I.

ROY, THE RANGER.

ON the 21st of March, 1845, orders were issued to General Zachary Taylor, commandant at Fort Jessup, Louisiana, to prepare the troops at that place for marching into Texas as soon as ordered.

On the 4th of July Texas accepted the proposal of annexation, thus constituting herself a part of the American Union, and requested President Polk to occupy her ports, and send an army for her defense.

In answer to this demand, the President immediately ordered General Taylor to Corpus Christi.

This was the *casus belli*, for Mexico claimed Texas as an integral part of her territory, and she arose in arms to protect it.

While at Corpus Christi, General Taylor occupied himself in teaching his newly levied troops the difficult and tedious duties of military discipline.

His whole force was four thousand and forty-nine, the historians tell us; but as if the Government recognized the folly of sending so small a force to the frontier of a hostile country, he was authorized, in case of emergency, to accept volunteers from the States of Louisiana and Alabama, and even from Mississippi, Tennessee and Kentucky.

Corpus Christi was well situated both for promoting the health of an army and affording opportunities for the evolutions of discipline.

The village stands on the western shore of Corpus Christi Bay.

It consisted at that time of thirty houses, prettily situated on a shelf of land elevated about eight feet above the water, some two hundred yards broad, and on a bluff which rises from the plain to the height of one hundred feet.

The bay at this point is in the shape of a crescent, extending in a southeast direction to Padre Island, and northwest to the mouth of the Nueces.

On the 8th of March the army began to advance to the Rio Grande.

The variety of scenery through which the troops passed during this march has never been surpassed within the same limits.

At first the country appeared like one vast garden, waving with flowers of the most gorgeous dyes.

Then followed a rolling prairie, succeeded by an arid waste, destitute of either water or vegetation. This was succeeded by a more genial region, consisting of a hard clay soil, covered by light vegetation and woods.

West of the Arroyo Colorado the appearance of the country changed again.

The army marched through a wilderness of mesquite and acacia thickets, fragrant with the blossoms of the latter. The grass was rich. The pea-vine, with its delicate blossoms, grew abundantly, and the country was sufficiently rolling to relieve the eye.

The air from the sea was delightful, and everything in nature appeared so happy that it was perfectly exhilarating.

Emerging from the mesquite, after a march of three miles, the troops came suddenly upon an open prairie, extending apparently to the gulf, with not a tree in sight.

The mirage in the distance was most beautiful and singular, for it looked as if the prairie was on fire, whereas it was the waves of lake peculiarly heated atmosphere.

On the evening of the 23d, General Taylor was met by a Mexican from Point Isabel, who reported that the guard stationed there had left for Matamoras, and that all the houses, excepting one, had been burned.

On the following day the general halted his command on the road, and, leaving the main army with General Worth, started for Point Isabel with the wagons and an escort of dragoons. Worth marched the troops within twelve miles of Matamoras, and there halted.

General Taylor was met by a number of Mexicans, among whom was the Prefect of Tamaulipas.

These had been constituted a mission to protest against his occupation of their territory.

While the interview lasted, smoke was observed to rise from the Point, and the general was convinced that its buildings had been purposely fired. He therefore directed the attention of the delegation to this evidence of hostility, and informed them that their communication would be answered by him when opposite Matamoras. He then sent the dragoons, under Colonel Twiggs, to arrest the flames. The colonel succeeded in saving a few buildings, but the Mexican authorities had already left the place.

Point Isabel was occupied and put in a state of defense, and Major John Munroe was placed in command.

General Taylor rejoined General Worth at Palo Alto, and here the advance was continued.

At eleven o'clock on the 28th of March the army reached the Rio Grande del Norte—that is, the Great River of the North, and the dividing line between Texas and Mexico. Here ended the famous march from Corpus Christi, and here the war began.

The first military operations on both sides were purely defensive.

The guns of the American army bore directly upon the public square of Matamoras, and within good range for demolishing the town.

A strong bastioned field-fort for a garrison of five hundred men was laid out by the engineers, and immediately commenced.

This work when finished was called Fort Brown, in honor of the gallant officer who was intrusted with its command.

The enemy now crossed the river in large detachments, and spread themselves between Fort Brown and Point Isabel.

While both stations were thus in momentary expectation of an attack, Captain Samuel Walker, with a small body of Texan Rangers, arrived at Point Isabel.

They came at a critical time. It was of the greatest importance to open communications with General Taylor, and Major Munroe thought these were the men to do it.

There might be among them some of those brave and fearless men who had participated in the struggle for Texan independence, and given its lone star a place in the constellation of liberty.

He sent for the officers of the Rangers, and they came to his quarters.

They proved to be quite young men, smooth-faced, and by no means looking like the fire-eaters the major had expected to see, and he was proportionately disappointed in them.

There were three of them, the captain and the two lieutenants. They wore the peculiar uniform adopted by the Rangers, characteristic of their independent organization, consisting of a short frock coat, pants, with high top-boots drawn over them, and broad-brimmed felt hats with low crowns, like a Mexican sombrero.

A shoulder-belt supported a cut-and-thrust sabre in a metal scabbard, and a waist-belt was also worn, in which pistols could be thrust in an emergency, though they were generally carried in holsters in front of their saddles.

Heavy spurs jingled from the heels of their boots as they walked into Major Munroe's quarters.

The commandant of Point Isabel surveyed them curiously, and, as I have said, with some little disappointment.

"Captain Walker, I believe?" he inquired, addressing himself to the tallest and oldest-looking of the three.

MAGGIE MARTIN, PUPIL OF GRAMMAR SCHOOL NO. 29, COLUMBIA STREET, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

"Yes, major, that's me," was the reply, proving that the major's surmise was a correct one. "I've brought my men here in answer to the call for volunteers."

"How many men have you brought?"

"Seventy-five."

"Ah, good!" exclaimed the major, gratified by this welcome addition to the force under his command. "All Texans, I suppose?"

"Scarcely, major," answered Walker. "We call ourselves Texan Rangers because we hail from that State, and some of us helped to take Texas away from Mexico, but few of us are natives there. In fact, my company is a pretty fair specimen of Texans generally, for it's made up of all sorts of men. I've got recruits from almost every State in the Union, with a sprinkling of English, Scotch, French, Irish, Dutch, Spanish, Italian, Indian, Mexican and nigger."

The major laughed at Walker's honest description of his rangers.

"A motley company, I should say, captain!"

"Mongrel, major—that's the word."

"Well, I suppose they are all good fighters? That's the main thing, you know."

"Yes, but I can't answer for them."

The major looked surprised at this.

"Eh! Why not?" he cried.

"When the call came for volunteers I was told to hurry up, and so I took my men as they came, doing the best I could. I picked up a few of my old comrades who were with me at San Jacinto, but the majority of my men are nothing but raw recruits."

Major Munroe surveyed the young ranger with growing interest.

"You have never served in the regular army?" he inquired.

"No, sir; I am only a volunteer."

"What in the world ever brought you out here?" cried the major, surprisedly.

"A truant disposition, good, my lord," answered Roy. "I wanted to see something of the world."

"A copper bullet from a Mexican *escopette* may put an untimely end to your desire."

"I'll risk it!" exclaimed Roy, in his careless way.

"Ah, that has the true martial ring. How old are you, pray?"

"Nineteen."

"A brave age! I think you will make a good soldier."

"I'm sure it of!" cried Captain Walker. "Take my word for it, major. The spirit of Bunker Hill lives in the breasts of the New Englanders. Why, if my whole command was composed of such stuff as these two youngsters, I'd promise to sweep away every squad of the enemy between here and Fort Brown."

The major smiled grimly.

"No light task, captain, I can assure you," he said. "I know you by reputation, and I am satisfied to take these young men on your recommendation. So, sit down, gentlemen. I have a tolerable map of the country here; we will review the situation, and I will instruct you as to what you have to do."

tion with General Taylor should be opened. I wish to assure him that I can hold my own here against any force the enemy can bring. Do you think you can accomplish this task, captain?"

"We can try, major," answered Walker.

"And we'll try hard," added Roy.

"And we'll keep on trying as long as there is any of us left," followed Tom Meade.

"Good! I have heard that you Texan Rangers could always whip the Mexicans one against ten," said the major.

"Ask General Santa Anna what he thinks of us," rejoined Walker. "My young friends here were not with me in that campaign; but they have seen considerable service along the border, both with Indians and Mexicans. By-the-way, Santa Anna is reported to have landed at Vera Cruz, and I may meet him again in the field."

"Very likely, but Paredes is President of Mexico at present, and he is responsible for this war on the part of his countryman. It is not our province, however, to discuss what led to the war. President Polk has resolved to 'conquer a peace,' and we, as soldiers, have only to obey orders and do the best we can for our country."

"The Mexicans are a treacherous race," said Roy; "it was the recital of their cruel treatment to the Americans who fought for Texan independence that led me to take up arms against them."

"Well, my lad, you have got a splendid chance now to try your metal against them," responded the major. "I would not attempt to disguise the difficulties that lie before you, captain," he continued, addressing himself to Walker. "The country between this post and Fort Brown literally swarms with the foe. Bodies of their lancers patrol the prairies, and a fierce banditti, under command of a ferocious ruffian named Romano Falcon, lurks in the chaparral. Several of our officers have already fallen victims to this robber, for he is nothing else, though he pretends to be fighting under orders from his government."

"I have heard of him. It was his band that surprised and killed Colonel Cross, was it not?"

"Undoubtedly. Poor Cross! he was the first victim of this war. His custom was to ride out every morning for exercise. One day he did not return as usual. His absence alarmed his brother-officers, as the country was known to swarm with outlaws of the blackest character, who, for the sake of plunder, spared neither rank, age nor sex. A straggler came into camp and revealed his fate, conducting his brother-officers to the small thicket where lay his mutilated body."

"He was killed by Romano Falcon?" cried Roy, with flashing eyes.

"So the straggler said. He had been waylaid and captured by Falcon's band, and plundered of his arms and valuables—literally stripped of everything. The robbers were more humane than their leader, Romano Falcon, for they were willing to set the colonel at liberty after plundering him, but Falcon settled the dispute by blowing the unfortunate colonel's brains out with his pistol."

"Horrible!" ejaculated Walker.

"We are likely to meet with this Romano Falcon, are we not?" cried Roy, eagerly.

"Very likely."

"Woe to him if we do!"

## CHAPTER II.

### THE CHAPARRAL FIGHT.

THE major smiled at Roy's impetuosity. "But if you do meet him," he said, "he will be sure to have a force at his back outnumbering your own. Gentlemen of his kidney do not take any odds to fight unless the advantage is greatly on their side. You must beware of an ambuscade. Several parties of our men have been thus surprised. Lieutenant Porter, of the Fourth Infantry, lost his life in an attempt to capture this Romano Falcon. He was led into an ambush and defeated, being killed himself with half of his command. I tell you this to show you what you may expect."

"Thank you, major," responded Captain Walker. "It's always best to be prepared for what may happen. We will not be led into an ambuscade, I promise you, and we'll try to take care of any force that may oppose us openly."

"Very good. I will write a few lines to General Taylor, and have a letter ready for you by the time you can get your men into the saddle. Put them in light marching order, and be prepared to start at once."

Captain Walker promised to do so, and he and his lieutenants withdrew to attend to their major's request.

The rangers were soon in the saddle, and eager for an advance into the enemy's country, rich visions of booty floating before their eyes. For they were a mongrel band, as Walker had said—adventurers from almost every civilized land.

There was an attempt at uniformity in their dress,

ROY, THE RANGER.—"THE LANCERS DASHED OUT. THE REPORTS OF THE CARBINES RANG OUT SHARPLY. FOUR PISTOL-SHOTS FOLLOWED, AND DEATH-SHRIEKS MINGLED WITH THE EXPLOSIONS."

The major looked doubtfully at the two lieutenants.

"They are nothing but boys," he said.

"That's so," Walker rejoined, "but they are mighty smart boys—true-blue Yankees, from Boston, Massachusetts, and as full of grit as a soft-shelled clam. Permit me to introduce them to you, major. This is my first-lieutenant, Leroy Bellingham, though we generally call him 'Roy, the Reckless,' from the indiscriminate manner in which he leads a charge."

"Proud to know you, sir," said the major, shaking hands with the stripling lieutenant. "I don't know what your exploits may have been in the field of Mars, but I should say, judging by your looks, that you might achieve conquests in a campaign against Venus."

Roy laughed, and tossed back the wavy masses of his dark chestnut hair.

"I know more about Mars than Venus, notwithstanding my looks, major," he answered.

"My second-lieutenant, Thomas Meade; a young head, but a long one, major," said Captain Walker, introducing him.

The major shook hands with him in the same cordial manner, observing:

"Ah, this one looks like a Yankee, but the other does not. I should take him to be of foreign extraction—either Spanish or French."

Roy carved the silken, black mustache he wore, and laughed again, replying:

"But I am not, major. I come of a good old Puritan stock, English unmixed, and I was born in Boston, the same as my friend Tom, here. We were schoolmates together."

The map to which he alluded was spread out upon the table, and they drew the camp-stools around it and sat down.

"Here, you see, is point Isabel, and here, following the course of the river, is Fort Brown," continued Major Munroe. "By striking a tangent across country, in this direction, you will perceive that the distance is much shorter between the two posts than by following the windings of the river."

"That is evident," answered Walker, studying the map attentively.

"It is in this open country that I wish your command to operate. The Mexicans have crossed the river both above and below Fort Brown, but in what force I have as yet been unable to ascertain. They have severed my communication with General Taylor, and I am ignorant of his situation. That the enemy meditate an attack is beyond a doubt; but whether they will attack his position or mine is uncertain. Perhaps both posts will be attacked simultaneously, and by overwhelming forces, so as to destroy us both, and gain a great success at the very first. A victory would fire the Mexican heart, and, I think, General Arista, who commands in Matamoras, is aiming for just such a success."

"The first blow in a fight always tells, if it is well given," observed Roy.

The major smiled, and nodded his head approvingly.

"You've got the right idea of the matter, my young friend," he said; "but they cannot surprise me here, nor do I think they will catch old Rough-and-Ready napping. It is of the greatest consequence, as you must perceive, that my communica-

though it had not been successfully carried out, but in their accoutrements they made a good show, as they were armed in the most efficient manner. Each ranger had a carbine strapped to his back, wore a sabre by his side, and carried a brace of pistols in the holster of his saddle.

All were—officers and men alike—broad-brimmed felt hats, with low crowns.

Walker surveyed his command critically, as he drew them up in line, ready for the march, whilst waiting for his dispatches from the major.

Roy Bellingham and Tom Meade sat in their saddles beside him. They were both good riders, and looked well on horseback.

The slouch hat Roy wore, and his ranger costume, aided by his dark complexion, long, wavy chestnut hair, flashing black eyes, and his small black mustache, gave him quite a picturesque and romantic appearance.

A woman's eye he appeared the very beau-ideal of a young soldier, and many a Mexican maid had cast an admiring glance upon the young cavalier when he marched into Mier with the conquering Texans.

Tom Meade had striven to emulate his friend, and had also cultivated a mustache. It was a success as to quantity, but the color was unfortunate in the light of a personal adornment, as it was a fiery red.

This color, however, gave Tom an opportunity to indulge in a witticism.

"It was ready enough to grow," he said; "and it was ready ever since."

Major Munroe brought his letter to Captain Walker, and he also took a survey of the rangers. He was anxious to see what they looked like.

"They will do," he told Captain Walker. "They look like a determined set of men, and I think they will fight well."

Walker did not appear to be so confident.

"I can tell better after I have had a brush with the enemy," he replied. "The lancers ought not to be a match for us against our carbines, for we can give them a volley before they can get to close quarters. Any word for General Taylor?"

"No; give him my letter, that will be sufficient."

"Very good. Now for a forward march to the 'Halls of the Montezumas!'" cried Walker, laughingly.

"Ha, ha, ha! Success attend you!" responded the major.

The rangers were wheeled to a column by fours, headed by Walker Roy and Toss, and in this order they began their march.

Their way at first lay through a prairie, and they rode along at a good speed, with jingling spurs and rattling scabbards.

Roy's blood began to dance in his veins at the sounds.

He found quite an inspiration in them, and in the thought that they might come upon a party of the enemy at any moment.

His daring spirit longed for an encounter.

"I would like to see a squadron of these boasted Mexican lancers," he told Toss, as they rode side by side. "Would not you?"

Toss was not so enthusiastic as Roy.

"I'm not particularly anxious," he replied. "I don't mind a few of them; but I wouldn't care to meet more than we could get away with."

"For fear they might get away with us, eh?" cried Roy, laughingly.

"Just so."

"I hope we will get a chance to exchange a few shots with this Romano Falcon and his band. He appears to be one of those wretches who make a war a pretext for bloodshed and robbery."

"I wouldn't mind taking a shot at him myself."

They crossed the plain and entered a wooded country, dense masses of chaparral lying upon either side of the road they followed.

This country affording facilities for ambuscades, Walker directed Roy to take a couple of men and act as scouts in advance, watching carefully for any concealed foe.

Walker knew that Roy's sight was as keen as that of a hawk, and that no enemy could escape his vigilance.

Roy galloped on swiftly in advance, the two rangers following, and deploying to the left and right. Turning a bend of the road, Roy saw a body of lancers advancing.

He paused long enough to estimate their numbers, and then gave the signal of danger to his two men, wheeled, and rode back to the rangers.

Captain Walker halted his command when he saw Roy riding so swiftly back.

"The enemy in sight?" he questioned; and Roy reined up his steed beside him.

"Yes."

"How strong?"

"Fifteen hundred, I should judge."

"Great Jehosaphat!" exclaimed Toss Meade, who had ridden up to the captain.

"So many?" cried Walker, thoughtfully.

"As near as I could estimate. It is a strong force, of that I'm sure," replied Roy.

"Lancers or infantry?"

"Both; the lancers in advance, and the infantry supporting them."

"Don't you think we had better take the back track, captain?" suggested Toss Meade.

"No; we'll fight them," answered Walker. "To retreat in the face of danger would be to scatter my raw recruits like sheep."

"I'm thinking they'll scatter, any way," muttered Toss, but not loud enough for the captain to hear him.

"Make a stand, by all means, captain!" cried Roy. "I think we can beat them back."

"We'll try."

This was a favorite expression with Captain Walker; and he tried often, and to good effect, as the "History of the Mexican War" will tell you.

He separated his raw recruits from the men upon whom he could rely, and, placing them under command of Roy and Toss, directed them to take a position in a chaparral to their left.

"Lead the men in there," he said. "Let them dismount and tie their horses, and act as infantry behind the shelter of the trees."

This divided his force into two bodies, but of unequal proportions, as it gave Roy and Toss nearly two-thirds of the men, leaving only some thirty under his own command; but these were the veterans of the company.

Whilst Roy and Toss were trying to execute this command, the Mexicans came up and opened fire upon them, and at the first discharge the raw recruits broke and fled precipitately.

Roy and Toss alone reached the shelter of the chaparral.

A squadron of lancers swept between them and the rangers under Walker, and prevented them from joining him.

"Jumping Jehosaphat! See them go!" cried Toss, as their men scurried away in a precipitate and shameful manner. "And here come the lancers for us!"

"Get ready for them!"

They had unsling their carbines—for Toss and Roy carried a carbine on their backs like their comrades—and they ran their horses in among the trees, keeping their faces to the advancing foe.

The lancers came on in mad career, yelling like fiends incarnate.

Their easy victory over the rangers had made them very exultant.

They did not expect that these two rangers would offer any resistance; they thought to ride them down at once.

But our two lieutenants were worthy of the positions in which Captain Walker had placed them.

They never flinched, though fifty lancers were riding at them with their leveled spears, from which the pennons floated gracefully.

"Steady, now, Toss," said Roy. "I'll take that fellow in green-and-gold on the bay horse—he's the colonel in command, I think. You aim for that other officer on the sorrel horse."

"Steady she is!" Say when you're ready," answered Toss, with as much coolness as if he was out shooting snipe on Boston marshes.

"The moment you fire, drop your carbine, and take to your pistols."

"All right!"

"Now—ready—fire!"

The lancers dashed up. The reports of the carbines rang out sharply.

Four pistol shots followed, and death-shrieks mingled with the explosions.

The young rangers had not time to reload, but dropped their firearms and drew their sabres.

There was a fierce hand-to-hand encounter, and then the lancers drew back, leaving two of their officers and four men dead upon the field—drew back astonished and dismayed by the resolution with which their assault had been met; and as they retreated Roy's horse sank under him, pierced by half a dozen lance thrusts.

Toss leaped from his horse, which was rearing from the pain of several lance scratches, and showed a strong inclination to bear him into the plain amid the foe.

Thus both the young rangers were dismounted, but with the exception of a few scratches, and some damage to their clothing, they were unwounded.

Their marvelous escape from this overwhelming charge can only be ascribed to the fact that they were protected by the chaparral, and that only three or four of the lancers could attack them at once.

The well-directed fire of their pistols had hurled the lancers back in confusion, and they were still further disconcerted by the death of their two principal officers, who had fallen in the charge, stricken down by the bullets from the rangers' carbines.

The moment Roy's charger sank beneath him he sprang from the saddle and secured his carbine and pistols.

"Load up," he cried to Toss; "they are not done with us yet."

"Phew! it was lively while it lasted, wasn't it?" returned Toss, as he complied with this direction.

"They thought they were going to spit us on their lances like a lot of Thanksgiving turkeys for roasting. But we just fixed them. They took the back track in a hurry."

"Don't holloa until you are out of the wood, Toss," responded Roy. "They'll make another try for us before they give us up. We must retreat deeper into the wood and shelter ourselves behind the tree-trunks if they attack us on foot."

"Fight them as we used to fight the Kioways and Comanches on the Llano Estacado, eh?"

"Yes; they will not follow us far into the wood, I'm thinking."

"No, not if we give two or three more of them their gruel, as we are likely to. Where's the rest of our company?"

"I can't see anything of them. Didn't our raw recruits take the back track lively? They'll never draw rein until they reach Point Isabel. These lancers thought we were some more of the same sort, or they wouldn't have galloped up to us so briskly. Guess they've changed their minds on the subject now."

Roy laughed.

"What a case you are, Toss!" he cried. "You are just the coolest fellow in a scrape I ever saw. Nothing ever worries you."

Toss's brow clouded.

"Yes, Roy, one thing worries me—only one."

"True—I had forgotten! Your sister Milly."

"Oh, Roy! don't I wish that the villain that lured her from her home was out there amongst those lancers, wouldn't I give him his ticket for soup!"

This passionate outburst was in strong contrast with Toss's usual equanimity.

"Patience, Toss; you may meet him one of these days."

"It will not be wholesome for him if I do! but I'm not likely to meet him out this way, and I shouldn't know him if I did—that's the worst of it. I don't know who the scoundrel was she ran away with. Poor Milly! I shall never see her again, I'm afraid."

Toss wiped away a tear that gathered in his eye at this reflection.

Roy felt a keen sympathy for his friend.

"I wouldn't think that way, Toss," he said. "Hope for the best. You may find Milly married and living happily when we get back to Boston."

Toss shook his head incredulously.

"If he was going to marry her she needn't have run away from me," he said. "Poor Milly! I'm afraid she's thrown herself away for good and all."

Roy felt it useless to offer any further consolation on the subject—a very sore one to Toss—and, as he had truly said, the only thing in the world that worried him—for he was something of his own way of thinking.

He feared that Milly had fallen a victim to a villainous wile, as many a poor and pretty girl had done before her.

His attention was also taken up at that moment by a movement on the part of the lancers.

"They are coming again!" he cried.

"We're ready for them!" answered Toss, putting his sorrow away and becoming his cold-headed self again.

During their conversation together they had carefully reloaded their firearms, and each stood behind the trunks of two large trees that grew close together on the edge of the chaparral.

Toss's horse, when freed from its rider, had galloped into the plain and had been secured by the lancers.

This told their assailants that the rangers were dismounted.

A single lancer left the squadron and rode toward the wood. A white handkerchief fluttered from the point of his lance.

"A flag of truce!" said Roy. "They are going to summon us to surrender."

"You don't think of it, do you?"

"Not yet. Do you?"

"Ne'er a time! I'm not going to trust my precious carcass to their keeping as long as my powder and lead holds out."

"And when your ammunition is exhausted, what then?"

"We can fall back through the chaparral and see if we can't reach Point Isabel."

"You forget that we have lost our horses."

"To a dot! When we go into Matamoras it will be to the tune of 'See the Conquering Hero Comes,' and not as prisoners."

"They can never take us here, for their horses cannot penetrate into this chaparral. When they charge again, we will give them the contents of our carbines, and then fall back among the trees, and dodge them from trunk to trunk, Indian fashion."

"That's your sort."

A movement on the part of the lancers now attracted Toss's attention.

"By ginger! they are not going to try it again as they did at first. Look! there's intantry and a field-piece."

"This looks serious?" exclaimed Roy.

The ranks of the lancers opened, and through the gap came a company of artillerists, with a brass cannon, mounted upon wheels.

The cannon was pointed at the chaparral in which the rangers had taken shelter, and the match applied; but the rangers were prepared for this, and, when they saw the flash, fell upon their faces on the ground.

"I know a certain young gentleman who was rather fond of gathering honey from their sweet lips."

"About my size, you mean?"

"Just about."

"Well, you see, I've been with you so much that I have caught your complaint."

"Oh, oh! That's a lame get off. But, see, that lancer has halted just out of gun-shot. He appears a little dubious as to our intentions. I'll reassure him. Here, hold my carbine, while I step out and have a talk with him."

"Be careful. Captain Walker says these Mexicans are treacherous, and he ought to know, for he has had experience enough with them."

"There's no danger, for he has no gun with him. He's an officer, I think. However, there's never any harm in taking all precautions. So I'll lean my carbine against the tree here. I've got my sword and pistols. I will not go far from the shelter of the trees, and he will have to come within gunshot to speak to me. You cover him with your carbine, and at the first sign of treachery——"

"Good-by, Mexican! Down he goes! You bet!"

"All right!"

Roy emerged from the chaparral, waving his white pocket-handkerchief, and advanced about twenty-five paces into the plain.

The lancer lowered his lance-point courteously, and then raised it upright, carrying it like a banner, and rode up to Roy; but he reined up again when he had approached near enough to speak to him.

"Are you North American?" he said, in very good English, to Roy's great surprise.

"Undoubtedly I am," replied Roy. "What does it matter?"

"If you had been an individual of any other nation I should have called upon you to separate yourself from the Yankees, and not to contribute to defend a robbery and usurpation which, be assured, the civilized nations of Europe look upon with the utmost indignation," replied the lancer captain, for such was his rank. "Come, nevertheless, and array yourself under the tri-colored flag, in the confidence that the God of Armies protects it, and that it will protect you equally with the English."

Roy scarcely knew what to make of this grandiloquent address.

He was not aware at that time that it was the tenor of a paper which General Arista, of the Mexican Army, had caused to be circulated amongst General Taylor's soldiers, appealing to the foreign element in the army, and which was the cause of many desertions.

It produced no effect, however, upon Roy Bellingham's mind.

He was a real Yankee, although the Mexicans applied that term—"*El Gringos!*"—to all the United States troops.

"Is that so?" was his reply.

"General Torrejon, our commander, bids me tell you it is to no purpose that your general says to you that the law for the annexation of Texas just! See your occupation of the Rio Bravo del Norte, for by this act they rob us of a great part of Tamaulipas, Cohoahuila, Chihuhua and New Mexico; and it is barbarous to send a handful of men on such an errand against a powerful and warlike nation."

## CHAPTER III.

### THE BANDITS OF THE CHAPARRAL.

THE lancer paused to take breath, and Roy responded:

"I don't you are right enough there. The United States Government seems to have started into this war on picayune principles, and it is my private opinion that President Polk and his Cabinet don't know enough to go in when it rains. If General Taylor is defeated it will be all their fault!"

The Mexican officer appeared greatly surprised by these words.

"The North Americans are ambitious, overbearing and insolent as a nation!" he cried, somewhat pompously; "and they will only make use of you as vile tools to carry out their abominable plans of pillage and rapine!"

"Hold your horses!" rejoined Roy. "I am a North American, and the worst kind of a one in the eyes of you Mexicans, for I am a Yankee."

"*Gringo!*" exclaimed the Mexican.

And he followed it with something that sounded very much like an oath.

"That's my nativity, and I'm proud of it. I did not exactly leave my country for my country's good, as some have done, but I hope to do her some good while I am here."

The lancer did not exactly understand Roy's speech, judging by the expression of his features, for they wore a puzzled look.

"General Torrejon has sent me to you to bid you surrender," he said. "Further resistance will be unavailing; lay down your arms, and you will be treated with clemency."

"Give my respects to General Torrejon, and tell him that if he wishes our arms he will have to come and take them."

"You will not surrender?" demanded the lancer, surprisedly.

"We have not the slightest idea of it."

"Is that the answer I must take back to the general?"

"It is. We will not surrender on any terms; and another attack upon our position will cost you as dearly as the first."

"Your blood be on your own head, then! No quarter will be shown you for your temerity."

So saying, the lancer wheeled his horse about and galloped back to his squadron.

Roy rejoined Toss.

"You heard what he said?" he inquired.

"Every word."

"Did I give him the right answer?"

"To a dot! When we go into Matamoras it will be to the tune of 'See the Conquering Hero Comes,' and not as prisoners."

"They can never take us here, for their horses cannot penetrate into this chaparral. When they charge again, we will give them the contents of our carbines, and then fall back among the trees, and dodge them from trunk to trunk, Indian fashion."

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The cannon was pointed at the chaparral in which the rangers had taken shelter, and the match applied; but the rangers were prepared for this, and, when they saw the flash, fell upon their faces on the ground.

The grape-shot, with which the cannon had been charged, hurtled harmlessly amongst the limbs of the trees over their heads, scattering some leaves and twigs down upon them.

"Jumping Jehosaphat!" cried Toss; "this is getting lively. They can keep out of range of our carbines, and pepper us at their leisure."

"They will have to aim better than that to do us any harm," answered Roy, composedly. "They might fire all day and never hit us."

Lying side by side, they could glance through the bushes, which served them as a screen, and observe all the movements of the enemy unperceived by them.

"We'll have to travel out of this," said Toss. "I don't like the fun of lying low and trusting to luck not to get hit. If they find out our dodge they'll depress the mouth of the cannon, and grape-shot scatter like thunder. Ginger! here's another go."

A file of dismounted lancers, armed with carbines, suddenly deployed before their mounted comrades, and as the cannon was discharged for the second time, and as harmlessly as before, they advanced toward the covert of the rangers, halted at short range, and delivered a volley among the trees.

The bullets pattered against the tree-trunks back of the recumbent rangers, who had reserved their fire.

Rising to a kneeling posture, and each picking his man, Roy and Toss fired their carbines with deadly precision. Then throwing aside their carbines they drew their pistols, and discharged them at the still advancing foe.

The Mexicans broke rank and retreated. The number and rapidity of the shots discharged at them confused them as to the number of their opponents. They thought the young rangers had been reinforced by some of their comrades. It seemed incredible to them that two men could make so determined and desperate a resistance.

Their retreat gave the young rangers an opportunity to recharge their firearms; but in so doing they made an alarming discovery.

They had just one round of ammunition left for either weapon. When the carbines and pistols were reloaded the ammunition was exhausted.

"This complicates matters," observed Toss. "If I had thought we were going to get into such a scrape as this I should have brought more cartridges along."

Roy laughed, in his careless way, and answered:

"That 'if' is a dreadful stumbling-block in our path though life.

"You bet it is! Just knocks the spots out of us, for a fellow never can tell what is about to happen."

"Down with you!" cried Roy, warningly. "The cannon is about to be fired again."

They fell flat on their faces as before, and the bullets from the field-piece rattled around them like a shower of rain-drops. At the same moment the dismounted lancers advanced, in skirmishing order, and began a dropping-fire instead of a volley.

"This is getting too hot for us," exclaimed Toss. "A bullet whizzed close to my left ear just then. We'd better dust."

"You're right," answered Roy. "We will give them another shot from our carbines, and then make a dash for the thick of the wood behind us. Night's coming on; they will not follow us, I think."

"Perhaps not," returned Toss; "but they'll gobble us here if we don't move pretty soon."

"Let them have it, then."

Each picked his man as before, and two more of the foe bit the dust. The rest charged furiously forward, firing at random as they came. The young rangers sprang to their feet, revealing themselves for the first time, and ran further into the wood.

The lancers followed them, filling the air with execrations. Roy and Toss were obliged to abandon their carbines in their flight.

The bullets hurtled around them as they fled; but still they were unwounded, though one bullet passed through the crown of Toss's hat and grazed the top of his head.

Still they dashed forward through the tangled underbrush, and nearer and nearer came the shouts of their pursuers.

"Hold up, Roy, I'm winded!" gasped Toss. "Here's some big trees; let's make a stand."

"All right!" replied Roy, who did not relish this precipitate retreat.

They ensconced themselved behind the trunks of three trees that grew in a clump together. Here they paused to take breath, and to watch the approach of their pursuers.

The shades of evening were gathering in the wood, already rendering objects indistinct.

"If we can hold them at bay for half an hour the darkness will baffle them," said Roy.

"That's lucky!" replied Toss. "I want something to hide me, and I'm not particular what it is. Those fellows will show us no quarter; and we've only our swords and pistols."

"I think we can hold them back even with these. These Mexicans are said to be very cowardly."

"They stick to us pretty well for cowards, considering how we have peppered them. Here they come!"

"There's only six, that I can see. We must have distanced all the rest."

Toss knew how keen Roy's vision was, and this announcement made him feel more comfortable in his mind.

"Is that all?" he cried. "We'll fix them, by Jehosaphat!"

"I think so. Be ready! We'll have to come to close quarters here. We can give them a surprise, for they will not think that we will make another stand. I will take the first in advance, you aim at the second. I will say when it's time to fire."

The lancers came plunging forward, led by the officer who had brought the flag of truce and the proposal of surrender to Roy.

He was in advance, armed with sword and pistol; five privates straggled after him, carrying carbines. They evidently expected to make an easy prey of the rangers.

A bullet from Roy's pistol passed through the officer's sword arm, causing him to drop his weapon, and at the same time Toss wounded one of the privates.

The Mexicans discharged their carbines at random, and turned and fled, dismayed by the unexpected attack.

Toss fired his remaining pistol, but without effect, and then, flourishing his sabre, dashed in on behind his covert, exclaiming loudly:

"Charge! Surround them—cut them to pieces."

But he did not follow them far.

The Mexicans never paused to count the number of their foes. Their rout was utter and complete.

For some little time they could be heard crashing amongst the bushes in a wild flight, and then the sounds died away.

Toss rejoined Roy, laughing immoderately.

"Did you ever see such a stampede?" he cried.

"It was what I calculated on," answered Roy. "A surprise is a great point in military tactics. But I don't think we can crow over them much. Our rangers got away as lively when the fight began."

"You are right! Won't Captain Walker do some tall swearing when he gets back to Point Isabel—that is, if he ever does get back there."

"I think he will. He had some good men with him."

"That's more than we had. If we had had a dozen men with us when we struck this wood we could have whipped these lancers out of their boots."

"But as we didn't, they whipped us."

"Well, I suppose we'll have to acknowledge that corn. Say, Roy, we started for the Halls of the Montezumas, but if we don't make any better progress than we have to-day, how long is it going to take us to get there?"

"The calculation is altogether too abstruse for me," answered Roy, laughingly. "Besides, there is another question that requires more immediate attention."

"What's that?"

"How are we going to get out of this wood?"

"That's what I would like to know."

"See how dark it's getting!"

"As dark as Egypt! We won't be able to see our hand before us in a little while."

"It will not do to go back the way we came. The lancers must still be in the plain."

"Yes, and they'll make mincemeat of us if they capture us now. Let's push straight on, follow our noses, and trust to luck. We must come out somewhere."

Roy laughed.

"Yes; and that somewhere might prove to be the camp of Romano Falcon, the Bandit of the Chaparral."

"That would be out of the frying-pan into the fire."

"But we can't stop here—we must go somewhere. If we can reach the prairie, which, I think, lies beyond, we might make our way back to Point Isabel."

"Push on, then. I'm getting awful hungry. Who knows but what we may stumble on a farmhouse and get something to eat?"

"That would not be amiss. I begin to feel a disagreeable sensation in the region of the stomach myself."

Then began a toilsome march through the chaparral, stumbling over fallen trees, and struggling through masses of tangled vines in the gloom. Tom Meade ejaculating "Jumping Ginger!" and "Great Jehosaphat!" at every mishap.

For an hour they plodded through the wood, and then their eyes were cheered by a welcome sight. A light shone before them—apparently from the window of a house, and there was an open space in the wood around it.

Roy's keen eye was the first to detect it, and he pointed it out to Tom.

"Hooray!" exclaimed Tom, delightedly. "A farm-house, as sure as you are born! Here's a chance for some fodder, and a shake-down for the night."

"Hush! Not so loud," cautioned Roy. "We don't know what the house may contain."

"There's something to eat there, I'll bet on that; and if there's any senoritas about, all you have got to do is to roll your eyes at them—you know how—and we'll get all we want to eat."

"You seem to have great faith in my powers of fascination."

"Don't be modest, Roy! You're the greatest lady-killer I ever saw. You can just draw the susceptible female heart toward you as honeysuckles do the bees."

Roy laughed, and they advanced toward the house, the light showing more plainly as they went on.

Tom grew quite jubilant at the prospect before them, but a sudden damper was placed upon his mirth.

As they reached the door of the house, several dark forms, that appeared to rise out of the earth, so suddenly did they appear, pounced upon them and dragged them into the house.

So sudden was the attack that they were unable to make any resistance.

They found themselves in a large apartment, brightly lighted, and surrounded by a number of ruffians in warlike garb—villainous, swarthy faced, and heavily bearded men.

"The Bandits of the Chaparral, Roy, by the Jumping Ginger!" exclaimed Tom, in dismay.

Then came a scream, of mingled joy and apprehension, and a woman, in a traveling-dress, rushed frantically to Roy, and clasped him in a fond embrace.

"Oh, Roy! have I found you, and in such a place!" she cried.

The woman was Zelia Bellingham.

[To be continued.]

## SOMETHING ABOUT GLASS AND ITS MANUFACTURE.

HAVE you ever wondered what glass is, and how it is that so hard a substance can be turned and twisted into almost any shape or size, and still be clear as water in appearance, so that we can see through it? Look at your window; there you see it as a large, thin sheet, perfectly flat and smooth all over.

Look at a wineglass and see how delicately it is shaped. The top part is the largest, and is hollow to contain liquid, and then suddenly it gets smaller lower down, till there is nothing but a solid stem no thicker than a pencil; then at the bottom it spreads out again to form what is called the foot for the glass to rest upon. And not only may we make the glass of almost any shape, but it may be made still prettier to look at by patterns of fruit or flowers being worked on the surface.

Again, look at the glass in a microscope or telescope, the magnifying glass, as it is called, which is so prepared that we can not only see through it, but what we see looks much larger or much nearer than it really is.

At present we will not mention any more of the many ways in which glass is used, but will tell you a little about its history and the way in which it is made.

As far as we are able to tell from ancient books, the Egyptians were the first people to use glass in any way. We read of their drinking-cups of glass, and mummies (that is to say, the bodies of dead people that have been preserved so that they keep for many years) have been found decorated with beads of glass, and these mummies are known to be 3,000 years old; so that you see glass has been known, and made into ornaments and articles of domestic use as long as bricks have been made for building houses. Windows of glass, however, were not known until two thousand years later; the first we hear of them being their use in churches about the seventh century. For a long time they were only to be found in sacred buildings, and were brought from foreign countries, very many from Venice, until the fourteenth century, when glass manufactories first began in England.

But it was many years before they could equal the German and Venetian glass workers in their excellent designs, and even now they are scarcely able to improve on the very perfect workmanship which may be seen in beautiful jugs and goblets made at Murano (a town in the Venetian States) about three hundred years ago, specimens of which are to be found in many of our museums.

In quality and color, however, our glass has the advantage, owing to the experience of so many years, which has taught us the best materials to use in making the glass itself.

The word "glass" comes from the Latin *glacies*, meaning ice. Glass is composed of several different materials, the chief of which are potash and sand. If we were to tell you everything that is used in its manufacture, we should only confuse you with long chemical names. We will therefore only mention the two materials already named. Potash is formed from a peculiar preparation of the ashes of burnt wood, found principally in the forests of America and Canada, where large numbers of trees have been cut down and the boughs burnt. The sand is mostly brought from Fontainbleau, in France, as it is of a particular kind, and better adapted to glass-making than that found in other places.

There are two distinct forms of glass: 1. Transparent, that is to say, glass that we can more or less see through; and 2, opaque, or that which is not transparent. The last-named was, as far as we know, the only kind of glass known to the Egyptians, and at the present time it is used chiefly in making tiles, such as we see in decorated pavements, in chessboards and entrance-halls.

In our present article we shall only treat of transparent glass, which consists of several different kinds—viz., crown window, sheet window, plate, bottle, colored, and flint glass. The first three may all be termed sheet glass, as they are made only in flat sheets for windows, mirrors, etc.; bottle-glass, which is the roughest kind, is used only for making the commonest beer or wine bottles; colored glass, such as we see in church windows, is the ordinary sheet glass colored by chemicals, about which we shall tell you later on.

Flint glass is used in the manufacture of nearly all such useful and ornamental articles as we find in the house—as, for instance, decanters, tumblers, wineglasses, vases, chandeliers, magnifying glasses, etc., etc. Flint glass is made of potash, sand, and red lead, and besides these there are several chemicals added in very small quantities in order to remove all color that might prevent the glass from being perfectly clear. Sheet glass is made almost from precisely the same materials as flint or colored glass is, except that it has no red lead. The colors are obtained by mixing certain chemicals with the potash and sand, such as copper, giving a red color, iron a green, manganese a purple, cobalt a blue, and several others.

Bottle-glass is made of the coarsest materials of which glass can be made, even including brickdust. One very important point in obtaining a perfect glass is the purity of the chemicals which, as we said, are added in small quantities to the principal materials, and each manufacturer uses those which he thinks best.

The perfection of a magnifying glass depends entirely upon the way in which the chemicals are mixed, and upon every material and every vessel or implement used in the manufacture being perfectly pure and free from dirt.

We have now told you what glass is made of, and will go on to describe how these materials are mixed, and how, when mixed, they become transparent, and are made to assume the different shapes that we see in decanters, wineglasses, glass pipes or tubes, and many other things. First of all the materials have to be melted together by means of very great heat, and in order to do this they are placed in pots, which stand in a furnace, or large fire-place, made of brick or iron, such as is used in all manufactures where intense heat is required.

The furnace is built in the middle of the house, as the principal part of the factory is called, and around the furnace nearly all the work is carried on, passing through the hands of four or five different kinds of workmen, each of whom performs a particular part of the work, until it is ready for the finishing touches for ornamenting purposes. The furnace is nearly round, and has several small openings, through which the melting process is looked after, and through which the glass is removed when ready.

It is built entirely of substances which will not be injured by heat, however great, the chief of them being *fireclay*, which is a kind of clay that has been thoroughly burnt until fire has no more effect upon it. The pots are of two shapes, the one being open at the top, something like a very large flower-pot, but much thicker, and is used for melting all kinds of bottle-glass; the other is about the same size, but covered in at the top, like the roof of a beehive, except that a little opening high up at the side—a kind of window, in fact, sheltered by a hood, to prevent anything falling into the melting glass from above, or from the sides, and so destroying its purity.

This kind of pot is used for melting flint glass, because that requires more care. The greatest care is taken that the clay of which these pots are made may be free from any chemical property which, when exposed to great heat, might mix with the materials, and so spoil the glass.

Another accident to be guarded against is that of the pots cracking or falling to pieces from the action of the fire upon them. No amount of pains or expense therefore is spared to render them perfect in every way. They are made from clay specially chosen and prepared; and for four or five days before they are required for use they are kept in a state of red-heat, so that when moved into the furnace the heat may not be too great for them, as in such case they would probably lose their shape.

[To be continued.]

## A ZOOLOGICAL ROMANCE.

*Inspired by an Unusual Row of Animal Spirits.*

NO sweeter girl swe ever gun
Than Betty Marten's daughter Sue.

With sable hare, small tapir waist,
And lips you'd go for miles to taste;

Bright, lambent eyes, like the gazelle,
Sheep partly brought to bear so well.

Ape pretty lass, it was avowed,
Of whom her marmot to be proud.

Deer girl! I loved her as my life,
And vowed to heifer for my wife.

Alas! a sailor, on the sly,
Had cast on her his weather eye.

He said my love for her was bosh,
And my affection I musquash.

He'd dog her footsteps everywhere,
Anteater in the easy chair;

He'd setter round, this sailor chap,
And pointer out upon the map

Where once a pirate-cruiser boar
Him captive to a foreign shore.

The cruel captain far outdid
The Yaks and crimes of Robert Kidd.

He oft would whale Jack with the cat,
And say, "My buck, do you like that?

"What makes you stag around so, say?
The catamounts to something, hey?"

Then he would seal it with an oath,
And say, "You are a lazy sloth!

"I'll starve you down, my sailor foe,
Until lolar beef and porcupine!"

And fairly horse with fiendish laughter,
Would say, "Henceforth, mind what giraffe ter!"

In short, the many risks he ran
Might well a llama braver man.

Then he was wrecked and castor shore
While feebly clinging to anoa;

Hyena cleft among the rocks
He crept, *sans* shoes and minus ox.

And when he fain would go to bed,
He had to lion leaves instead.

Then Sue would say, with troubled face,
"How koodoo live in such a place?"

And straightway into tears would melt,
And say, "How badger must have felt!"

While he, the brute, woodchuck her chin,
And say, "Ay, ay, my lass!" and grin.

* * * * * * *

Excuse these steers . . . It's over now;
There's naught like grife the hart can cow.

Jackass'd her to be his, and she—
She gave Jackal, and jilted me.

And now, alas! the little minks
Is bound to him with Hymen's lynx.

# WILD ROSE AND VIOLET;

## Or,

## Fun at Mrs. Hawk's.

### CHAPTER XXIV.

FRUSTRATED.

THE contemplated flight required some consideration.

The young prisoners proceeded to their dormitory, and as quickly as possible packed up all they required.

Fortunately, the Misses Hawk went out to pay a visit on this particular afternoon, so they had nothing to apprehend from them.

Their august mamma, after lunch, took her customary *siesta*, and was also safe for a time.

Janet Sly had gone into the town to purchase a new bonnet.

They were, therefore, free from her *espionage*.

Fate seemed to favor the adventurous girls; the coast was clear.

Putting forth all their strength, they carried the trunks down-stairs, and placed them under the desks in the schoolroom, a spot where they would be the least likely to attract attention.

This important point being gained, they had only to wait until evening, when, at any risk, their flight was to be attempted.

Hearing a considerable bumping within, accompanied with suppressed laughter, Pet's curiosity was excited, and he peeped through the keyhole to see what was going on.

The sight of a corded trunk, instead of allaying, increased his curiosity tenfold.

It was Miss Rose Royston's trunk.

Again he peeped through the keyhole, and saw distinctly trunk number two dragged in as the former had been.

This was Miss Violet's—his Violet's. What was he to think of it?

"I've got it!" he suddenly exclaimed; "they're a-going to bolt—both plague with their two blasted heiresses! Am I a-going to submit to this?" he muttered between his teeth; "to see the object of my young errieschuns sloping with another? Not if I knows it. I'll frustrate this, as sure as my name's Peter Pippins!"

With this determination strong in his mind, he peeped once more through the keyhole, and beheld Rose and Violet arranging their plan.

Presently he heard Violet exclaim:

"If we could only find Pet, he'd be the one to help us."

"Oh, sh!" he laughed, bitterly, to himself, at the delusive idea: "that's very likely, that is. I might 'a done it once, but not now. No, miss one! In hopes is hopes at last, an' 'e's goin' in for vengeance!"

And with this fearful resolve, he glided away.

There was a little nook in the garden almost concealed by shrubs, where the wall looked over into the road; and to this spot they had dragged the two trunks, and a garden ladder besides, intending to summon the assistance of the first laboring man that passed to help them to get their luggage over to the opposite side.

Rose mounted the ladder and looked forth.

Violet stood at the foot.

A few yards off stood the plotting Pet, whom a thirst for "vengince" had transformed into the smallest possible effigy of an arch-traitor.

"Do you see any one coming, Rosie, dear?" asked Violet, anxiously; "I do feel so dreadfully nervous!"

"Not yet," returned her friend; "stay, I think I do. Yes, here's some one coming. He looks strong, and like a countryman."

"Oh, do ask him!" urged Violet. "I can't bear this suspense."

A shuffling, as of hob-nailed boots, was heard on the gravel path outside, and Rose commenced her appeal.

"Heigh, if you please! Will you——"

She broke off with a cry of joy.

"What's the matter?" asked Violet, excitedly; "are you failing?"

"No, no, no!" returned Rose, vehemently. "It's Kit, from Grey Hollow. Dear old Kit, don't you remember me? I'm Rose!"

"Lor'!" almost gasped Kit, as he directed his gaze to the top of the wall. "Sos it be! Dash my buttons if it beant! Lor' bless 'ee dear eyes!"

Kit, in his frantic joy at this unexpected meeting, sprang up, as though he would have bounded up like an india-rubber ball at once to meet his old playmate.

"Lor', 'ow glad Oi be to see 'ee once more!" he exclaimed, grinning from ear to ear with ecstasy.

"And why have you come to London, Kit?" asked Rose, when their first transports had a little subsided.

Rose explained to Kit her position, and delicately showed him that their old relations could not be resumed.

She asked after her foster-parents, and was told that they were well.

"I am very glad to hear that," said Rose, who had been so engrossed by her unexpected meeting with Kit that she had quite forgotten the original motive which had brought her on the top of the wall.

Not so, however, her companion, who remained at the foot of the ladder in a perfect fever of nervous anxiety.

She had listened as patiently as she could for some time, and now, unable longer to endure the suspense, called to her:

"What are you talking about, dear? Do, pray, make haste!"

This fortunately reminded Rose that the grand enterprise of getting the trunks safely over the wall had yet to be accomplished.

"Kit!" she called down from her height, in a sudden hasty whisper.

"What be it, miss?" he asked eagerly, in reply.

"I know you'll do me a favor, won't you?" she asked.

"Sh, Oi should think I would, too; fifty on 'em," was Kit's warm reply. "What do 'ee worrit?"

"Well, I want to get two trunks over the wall, if you'll help me."

"To be sure Oi will. Wheer be they?"

"Here, on this side," returned Rose.

"But Oi' be on t'other side," said Kit; "'ow be Oi to get over?"

The young girl reflected an instant, and then said:

"I'll pass you over the ladder."

"Ay, do!" responded the country lad.

This was not a very difficult operation, and in a few seconds Kit had mounted and was seated on the top of the wall, face to face with his beautiful quondam playmate.

"You'll shake 'ands wi' me, won't you, miss?" he couldn't help saying, now he was so near her.

"Of course I will, Kit," she said. "I have not grown unmannerly since I have become a lady."

She extended her hand as she spoke, and Kit took it and fondled it for a moment as some rare and delicate treasure he was permitted to touch perhaps for the last time.

"Now I coom to look at thee, Miss Rose," he said, in a tone of conviction, "I think thou be changed. Thee be'n moor like a young lady now, than when thou wast at Grey 'Ollier, an' I was a fool to think——"

"Yes, yes," interrupted Rose, hastily, "but never mind that now. There are the boxes to get over the wall, remember, and if Mrs. Hawk catches us before we get safely off, good-by to all our hopes of liberty and everything else."

If the whole proceedings seemed somewhat mysterious to Kit, at least the last words he heard suggested the necessity of dispatch.

"I won't be a moment," he exclaimed, as he dropped down on the other side of the wall, close to Violet, whom by a miracle he escaped crushing, and who uttered a startled cry.

"Don't be afeard, miss," he said, soothingly; "I didn't know you was there. Where be th' boxes?"

"Here they are," said Violet, pointing to the trunks that stood in the shadow of the bushes.

"We'll soon 'ave 'em over."

Kit shouldered one of them, and Rose in the meantime had transferred the ladder to the inside, ready for him to mount.

"You be runnin' away, beant you, miss?" he asked, as he reached the top of the wall.

"Something like it," laughed Rose.

Kit grinned expressively, and in another moment the trunk stood on the path outside.

Two minutes more, and its companion trunk followed; and lastly Rose Royston and her friend.

"Free! Free at last, hurrah!" cried Rose, with all her old energy and enthusiasm, though in a somewhat subdued tone.

It quite warmed the country lad's heart to hear her, and he thought within himself that she wasn't so much changed, after all.

Rose, having indulged in the above ejaculations of delight, turned to Kit.

"And now," she said, "we shall require some conveyance. I don't care of what kind, so long as it's something with wheels—a donkey-cart rather than none at all. Be sure and find one of some sort, there's a good fellow."

"Trust me," returned Kit, as he turned away, fully determined to seize upon the first vehicle he met by main force in order to oblige his old playfellow.

But this violent measure was rendered unnecessary by the appearance of an unoccupied cab that happened to pass at that moment.

The driver was hailed, and glad of a fare, pulled up at the side of the road.

The trunks were hastily lifted on to the top, and our young heroines were just about to step inside, when a sharp, shrill voice was heard, crying:

"Stop! Stop 'em!"

This was echoed by a similar injunction, uttered in deeper tones:

"Stop them! Stop the delinquents!"

The voices were too well known, being those of the page and Mrs. Penelope Hawk; and the next moment the matron, accompanied by her daughters and Janet Sly, and headed by the traitor Pet, burst from the gate and arrested the fugitives.

## CHAPTER XXV.

### CAGED AGAIN.

"STAY, wretched girls, I command you!" exclaimed the ponderous tones of the principal; and she turned her attention to the cabman, whom she paralyzed with a look, as she said, in a freezing tone:

"Your services will not be required."

Then transferring her Medusa-like gaze to Rose and Violet, who, in a paroxysm of despair, stood in silent desperation, scarcely knowing what course to pursue, she continued:

"I order you to return instantly to the house. And if you," she added to the petrified cabman, "will remove those trunks from the top of the cab, and convey them indoors, it will be more to your interest than staring at me."

The startled driver grasped the edge of one of them, for the purpose of obeying.

"Don't let him, Kit, dear," whispered Rose, in a *furore* of disappointment and perplexity.

In an instant Kit grasped the man by his coat.

"Just leave them 'ere boxes alone, will 'ee?" he said to him, in a very decided manner.

The cabman looked down and replied:

"My orders is to take 'em into th' house."

"Never mind your orders," returned Kit; "just leave 'em where they be."

The matron Hawk, observing this dispute, exclaimed, as she pointed to Kit:

"Who is that vulgar fellow there?"

"I be Kit, mum," was the answer she received.

"This is some country acquaintance, Miss Royston, I presume?" she next inquired, in a contemptuous tone.

"Yes," returned Rose, quickly; "this is my old friend Kit."

"What does he want here?" asked Mrs. Hawk, with dignified wonderment.

"I be comn up from country to see Miss Rose," returned Kit, bluntly, not in the least abashed.

"Then the sooner you go back again the better," said the principal, sternly.

But Kit, like a faithful watch-dog, showed his teeth.

"Noa," he exclaimed; "th' trunks belong to Miss Rose, an' no un shall lay a finger on 'em unless she do tell un to."

Mrs. Hawk was furious.

"You shameful girls!" she cried, in a perfect fever of wrath; "am I to be kept here all night in this outrageous manner? I demand this rustic ruffian be sent about his business, and that you accompany me indoors at once! Do you hear me?"

"Yes, ma'am," Rose replied.

"Then why am I not obeyed?"

"Because your orders are harsh and unjust," Rose replied.

"Harsh!—unjust!" echoed Mrs. Hawk, elevating her eyebrows in astonishment. "What do you mean, miss?"

"I mean that you watch us at every turn as though we were prisoners instead of pupils, and that you would shut us up if you could during the holiday, whilst all the rest of the girls are enjoying their liberty. You have no right to do this. I am sure my uncle would not desire it, and I am determined not to submit to it."

Violet positively trembled at this bold speech, and clung to her friend's arm.

But Kit could not restrain his admiration at the manner in which Rose defended her rights, and cried:

"Goray, brayvo!" snapping his fingers in an ecstasy of delight.

Mrs. Penelope's eyes blazed with fury.

"I will endure this no longer!" she cried. "Go indoors this moment," she shouted to Rose and Violet, as she pointed imperiously to the gate. "Go, I say!"

"Don't, Miss Rose!" shouted Kit. "Oi wouldn't if Oi was you, if Oi didn't feel inclined."

This was more than the incensed principal could endure, and seizing the conspiring rustic by one of his ears, she boxed the other.

"Oh, oh! thee be pullin' my ears out by the roots!" roared Kit, trying vainly to release himself. "If thee doan't let me go," he cried at length, desperately, "dash my buttons if Oi won't give thee such a punch!"

The incensed youth was about to keep his word, when a hand was laid upon his collar, and he was dragged forcibly back.

He turned upon his new assailant fiercely, but found himself in the clutches of a member of the Acton police.

"Ullo, 'ullo!" exclaimed the functionary, as he gave Kit a shake; "what's all this about, eh?"

"I'm grossly insulted and violently assaulted by that herculean ruffian," sobbed Mrs. Hawk.

Rose, seeing her friend in trouble, rushed forward, excitedly.

"No, no!" she cried, vehemently; "it's false! He has assaulted no one. If any one has been assaulted it is himself. Let him go, policeman, if you please. Oh, dear, dear, what trouble I've got you into, my poor old Kit!"

"Oi don't care what Oi be done to," muttered Kit, doggedly. "Whether Oi be locked oop or transported it don't make no difference."

"But it does make a difference!" interposed Rose, with increased excitement, as she laid her hand upon the constable's arm almost imperatively; "you sha'n't look him up!"

"No, no, indeed you mustn't," joined in Violet.

Nixety-six X gazed at the anxious faces of the fair pleaders with professional apathy.

"Do you give 'im in charge, mum?"

Rose gave no time for a reply, but at once answered herself, boldly and decisively:

"No, she can't. Poor Kit has done nothing at all but what I make him do. It wasn't his fault, but mine, and, therefore, if any one must go to prison, I'm the guilty one. Take me."

"And me, too," joined in Violet. "I'm just as bad."

A faint smile flitted over the constable's features.

"Am I to run 'im in, mum?"

"I do not desire to enforce the law in this instance, policeman. All I wish is that you will intimate to your prisoner that he had better be gone, and to these young ladies the necessity of re-entering the establishment from which they were surreptitiously attempting to escape."

Police-constable 96 X, turning Kit round in the London direction, exclaimed:

"That's your road. Be off with you!"

"Good-by, Miss Rose!" cried Kit.

"Good-by, Kit, dear!" Rose replied, entirely forgetting, in her sympathy and regret, all the difference of position. "Thank you very much, indeed, for your kindness to me. I'm only sorry that it has caused you so much trouble."

"I bean't," returned Kit, once more, and then, making a sudden butt at the policeman, which knocked that functionary clean off his legs, he darted off at full speed.

Before 96 X had recovered his perpendicular Kit was beyond the reach of pursuit.

Janet Sly sympathized deeply with the gallant constable, pouring balm into his wounded spirit and helping him to rise.

"Now, young ladies," he said to our heroines, as he hobbled forward, "I'm sure you'll do as this good lady tells you, an' not give us any trouble. I'm sure you will."

Rose and Violet, feeling the utter hopelessness of further resistance, returned to the house, experiencing the acutest disappointment, if not despair.

The trunks followed, and Mrs. Penelope Hawk having got her arrant charges once more safely under wing, read them a lecture of three-quarters of an hour's duration, and then dispatched them supperless to their sleeping apartment.

GENERAL GEORGE A. CUSTER, U. S. A., IN HUNTING GARB.—SEE PAGE 142.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

### REMORSE.

THE vindictive page had fully succeeded in his malicious intentions.

The next morning Pet was seized with the bitterest pangs of remorse.

In his morbid, restless mood he wandered to the secluded corner where the two fair runaways had stood on the previous night.

Sadly and mechanically he placed the ladder against the wall, and having climbed up, looked over.

To his great surprise there stood Kit Crump, just beneath, staring up at him.

The pair looked at one another for a few seconds in silence.

At length Kit exclaimed:

"'Ullo!"

Pet also recognized Kit, and he replied:

"'Ullo!"

"You be th' chap as told schoolmissus Miss Rose an' t'other young lady was runnin' away, bean't you?"

"Oh, don't! don't!" he exclaimed, with a burst of anguish. "I can't stand it."

"Well, but you did tell schoolmissus, didn't 'e?" demanded Kit.

"I did! I did!" groaned the remorseful page; "but if you only knew what I feels 'ere, oh!"

The small youth smote his left row of buttons as he spoke, and groaned again.

"Boa yer ought to feel, you young wiper!" returned Kit; "you ought to be 'orsewhipped fur blabbin' to th' culd 'ooman as you did."

"I ought! I knows I ought!" exclaimed the page; "I ought to be pumped upon; nothink 'ud be too bad for me!"

"You be roight. I feel as if Oi'd loike to shake thee, for a little sneak as thou art," said Kit; "what possessed 'ee to stop th' young ladies, just as they'd a'most got clean off?"

Instead of replying, the page rolled his eyes round so convulsively that Kit thought he was going to have a fit on the top of the wall.

"What be the matter wi' 'ee?" he asked.

"It's ermotion," gasped the small individual; "I've just 'ad a parrixoem. It's gorn, now."

He then leant over the wall and said, in a low and decidedly mysterious tone:

"You don't know everythink!" There was so much emphasis on these words that Kit was compelled to demand an explanation.

"It's 'ere," returned Pet, thumping his left row of buttons for the second time; "all 'ere."

"What's all there?" asked Kit.

"Love, 'ate, jeal'sy, rewenge, an' remorse atop o' th' lot!" replied Pet, in ejaculatory whispers. "I can't explain furder up 'ere, but—— You're Kit Crump, ain't yer?" Pet asked.

"O' coorse Oi be," returned Kit.

"You're sweet on Miss Rose, ain't yer?"

"Why, Oi love 'er a thousand times better than aught else in the world."

"That's jest exactly 'ow I feels for Miss Violet—that's Miss Rose's buzzum friend," explained Pet; "and I should just like to ask yer 'ow yer'd feel if yer thought the idol of yer 'eart was a-goin' to run away wi' a harlot'crat."

"What's that?" inquired Kit.

"A base deceiver—a deloodin' swell," returned the youth, bitterly. "We'll s'pose yer'd a-seen one er these swells a-kissin' 'is 'and to Miss Rose over the palin's you wouldn't a-liked it?"

"Did you ever see anyone a—a-kissin' 'is 'and to Miss Rose?"

"Er course I did," returned Pet; "a dark, 'andsome young gent wi' dark eyes an' curly 'air. But that was nothink to me, 'cos she wasn't my hidol. But Miss Violet was, an' when I see a swell wi' light 'air and whiskers a-doin' precisely the same to 'er, it made my blood bile, and I can see it makes yours bile, too."

Kit stood with angry, flushed face and knitted brows, biting his lips.

Pet fancied he could read what was passing in the mind of the rustic, and he said:

"You can understand now what it was as indooced me to put a stop to the 'lopement of Miss Violet."

"Ees," returned Kit, distractedly.

"But I ain't felt right some'ow since," the page continued; "and I shan't till I've done something to make up for my base condoo'."

Seeing that Kit still remained thoughtful, Pet said to him:

"Are yer in any pertickler 'urry?"

"No," he answered.

"Then jest slip ower the wall an' come up to my priwit aparment. It's over the boothouse, and don't jine the mansion. You can git there without bein' seen, and no one'll know anythink about it."

Kit felt that in accepting this invitation he might be able in some way to serve Rose Royston, and so he consented at once.

The ladder was brought once more into requisition, and in a few moments Kit was over the wall and safely domiciled in Peter Pippin's private apartment.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

### CAPTIVES.

BY the first post a letter came from Constance Grey, which was sent up on the breakfast-tray to the young prisoners.

The meal was brought up by Janet Sly.

Gliding in with the tray, she said, almost in a whisper:

"There's a letter for you, Miss Rose."

Rose condescended no answer to the spy, but no sooner was she out of sight than she tore open the envelope.

Its contents almost drove them to distraction.

"DARLING ROSE AND VIOLET," it said, "I shall start from Richmond in good time to-morow, so I just write in order that you may be ready for me. I think, being so near, we will drive over to Ealing and give Milly Westlake a call before returning. How I long to see you both! Lovingly yours,

"CONSTANCE."

It may be remarked that Mrs. Hawk, in the excitement of the previous evening's incidents, had entirely forgotten to answer Miss Grey's letter to her; consequently Constance naturally concluded her request was acceded to.

About eleven in the forenoon the barouche, drawn by a pair of splendid horses, rattled through the gates of Meditation House up to the mansion.

On entering the hall Constance found no Rose and Violet waiting eagerly for her, as she expected, but instead, Mrs. Penelope Hawk, with a studiously grave, cold face.

The expression of the principal was decidedly ominous, but Constance affected not to notice it.

"Good-morning, dear madam!" she exclaimed, in her most winning tones.

"Good-morning, my love!" returned the preceptress, in a solemn voice.

"I am come, according to my letter," Constance continued, "to rob you of Rose and Violet, feeling assured you will not object to their spending a few weeks with me."

Then Mrs. Hawk, in her most elocutionary style, delivered the crushing announcement that in consequence of the shocking conduct of the ladies in question, she could on no account trust them away.

This was as great a blow to Constance Grey as it had been to the unhappy prisoners, and she

inquired the nature of the unpardonable offence.

The "park romance" was eagerly related, and supplemented by the daring offense of the previous night on the part of Rose and Violet to run away from school.

In vain Constance Grey used all her eloquence to mollify the stern preceptress.

"At least, madam," said Constance, "I suppose I may see them?"

"I have no objection to your seeing them for a moment," replied Mrs. Hawk.

The hapless prisoners had heard their friend's arrival, and they remained listening in breathless suspense, hoping she might prevail upon the principal to relent.

When they heard footsteps ascending the stairs they felt almost certain that freedom was at hand.

They could scarcely restrain their impatience until the door was opened, and then they rushed eagerly forward.

"Is it glad news, Con, darling?" they cried, as they threw their arms around her.

Their eyes fell upon the stern features of Mrs. Penelope, who had come puffing up-stairs after Constance.

"Miss Grey has generously pleaded very earnestly on your behalf, young ladies," she said; "but in the present instance I could not conscientiously alter my determination. You will be kind enough to make your visit as brief as possible, my dear," she added, as she went downstairs, and sent up Janet.

"Isn't it cruel?" exclaimed Rose, almost fiercely.

"It's more than cruel, its barbarous!" returned Constance.

"Oh, can't you persuade her, Con dear?" pleaded Violet.

"I'll try again certainly, when I go down, but I'm afraid there's no chance. But never mind, dears; you mustn't forget that you are Jolly Girls."

"No!" cried Rose Royston, vehemently; "this unfeeling old brute of a school tyrant — I can't call her a woman, she hasn't the feelings of one—shall find that we are worthy of our club. I declare I will get out though I tear my bedclothes into shreds, and lower myself from the window!"

WILD ROSE AND VIOLET.—"'FREE! FREE AT LAST, HURRAH!' CRIED ROSE, WITH ALL HER OLD ENERGY AND ENTHUSIASM, THOUGH IN A SOMEWHAT SUBDUED TONE."—SEE PAGE 139.

Constance looked at the speaker in admiration, but she remarked: "You are three stories from the ground, dear. I'm afraid that would be too great a risk to run, wouldn't it?"

"If it were six stories high instead of three, I'd risk it rather than submit to this abominable tyranny," was the determined reply.

"But what should I do, dear?" asked Violet, in the most piteous tones; "I'm sure I could never let myself down by the sheets."

Rose threw her arms around her tenderly.

"No, Violet, I'm sure you couldn't. I forgot for the moment. But there! don't fancy I'd leave you behind me. I'd rather not go at all."

"Well," remarked Constance, "I sincerely trust you may escape; but if you do I'm inclined to think it will not be by the window.

She smiled as she went to it and looked down.

"What a height it is!" she remarked; and then suddenly exclaimed: "Oh, there's Goliath! And who's that with him?"

"Why, it's Kit! dear old Kit, I declare!" answered Rose, in surprise.

The sight of her faithful friend assured her, and opening the window she waved her hand to him, when Janet was heard on the stairs.

She had only time to reclose the window when the housemaid entered.

"If you please, Miss Grey," she said, "Mrs. Hawk desired me to tell you that she thinks your interview has been sufficiently prolonged."

Constance curled her handsome lips in disdain, and further conversation being impracticable, she kissed her friends affectionately as she took leave.

"Good-by, dears," she exclaimed, without the least reserve. "I think you are very cruelly used, and I'll take care to let every one know it, too. If you possibly can escape, you know where to come to. I shall always be on the lookout. Good-by!"

"Good-by, good-by!" exclaimed Rose and Violet, affectionately, and with a last embrace the friends separated.

The door was once more locked, and the prisoners were alone together again.

But Rose had strong hopes from the sight of Kit, and especially from his being in the company of the page, that something was on foot for their deliverance.

Kit, on the other hand, was so inspired by the vision he had had of Rose from the window, that he raved to set the young ladies free, though he pulled down the house brick by brick.

TALKS WITH BOYS ABOUT FOREIGN LANDS.—VIEW OF NATAL, AFRICA.—SEE PAGE 142.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

### THE SERENADE.

ABOUT noon on this awful day, Theodore Westlake and Harry Targent, inspired by the hope of again meeting the young ladies, clambered once more over the park wall.

They advanced and looked scrutinizingly around on *every* side, but no signs were perceptible of the presence of the young beauties.

The seekers looked very much disappointed.

"Girls are as fond of larking as a boy," remarked Harry Targent, at length. "Perhaps they're hiding from us in order to stimulate our curiosity to search for them.

"Possibly so," assented his companion. "That boat-house yonder seems a likely place for concealment. Let us look in there.

They ran along the margin of the lake till they reached the covered alcove, but found it empty.

"I hope they're not playing tricks with us," murmured Theodore, in a vexed tone. "I'm inclined to think they won't come at all."

"Perhaps they're hindered from coming," suggested Harry. "If you remember, the pretty creatures"—he was rapidly becoming wonderfully sympathetic—"were prisoners when we saw them through those iron bars."

"So they were," returned his friend. "Suppose we venture toward the house?"

"I am quite ready."

"What an oversight it was not asking their names, wasn't it?" said Theodore Westlake, as they went along.

"Terrible! But I suppose we were too much engrossed with their company to think of it."

"No doubt that was the cause," replied Theodore; "and since they didn't ask our names, I suppose we may conclude that the charm of our society made them as oblivious as ourselves."

They had now reached the palings facing the schoolroom windows.

These they quickly scaled, as they had done before, and gazed anxiously toward the dusty panes; but no fair faces looked out upon them.

Still they lingered until more than an hour had elapsed.

"How confoundedly annoying this is!" exclaimed Theodore, fretfully, as he looked at his watch. "An hour and a quarter gone, and not the least sign of their coming."

"Don't despair, 'Dore," said Harry, encouragingly; "they can't know how anxiously we're expecting them. Perhaps they're somewhere in the grounds and we've missed them."

"I'm determined not to go without seeing her," cried Theodore, in an ardent tone—strangely inconsistent in a young gentleman "engaged"—as he threw himself on the grass.

"We ought to have brought a tent with us, and then we could have camped out in some of the back woods of this estate," suggested Harry.

"I can't stand this!" exclaimed his companion; "let us search for them."

He sprang to his feet as he spoke and hurried Harry away.

Long they wandered, and still no graceful, girlish forms appeared to cheer their spirits.

"It seems to me we're doomed to disappointment for to-day, at least," said Theodore.

"I am inclined to indorse that opinion," returned Harry; "therefore, suppose we adjourn for the present?"

The young gentlemen then betook themselves to the wall, and departed by the road they came, cheered with the hope of better success when night came.

At dinner they were particularly silent and absorbed.

This was so entirely unusual an occurrence, that it attracted the notice of Milly Westlake, who was quite curious to know what was the matter.

"What is it, 'Dore?" she asked her brother, when dinner was over; "I'm sure you've some weighty secret on your mind."

"Oh, what should I have on my mind, Mil?"

"You know best what," she answered; "but I'm sure there's something. This morning you and your friend, Mr. Tadpole—what an extraordinary name, by-the-by!—were in the most exuberant spirits—rather too exuberant, if anything—and now you're both as melancholy as a 'Scotch mist,' or a pair of mutes. What is it?"

"Oh, nothing, sister dear, nothing! I'll tell you some day; and, in the meantime, I want you to lend me your guitar for this evening."

"My guitar, 'Dore?" exclaimed Milly, with surprise; "why, whatever do you want with that?"

"Only for a little joke; nothing more," he answered, in an off-hand way. "Humphrey and I are going in for the serenade business."

"Serenade?" exclaimed Milly, with a laugh. "Oh, oh! now the murder's out. You and Mr. Tadpole have been falling in love with some one?"

"Oh, what an idea!"

"I'm sure you have! and you want to *sing*, 'Meet me by moonlight alone,' with guitar accompaniment, under the window of the *cara innamorata*, now don't you?"

"I can't tell you now, Mil; I can't really," returned Theodore; "you shall hear all about it another time."

"Oh, no, 'another time' won't do! You must take me into your confidence, and tell me now."

"I'll tell you to-night, old girl."

But the "old girl" was not to be put off, and she said:

"To-night' is as bad as 'another time,' and I want to know now, so you'd better make up your mind to tell me at once; and remember, no confidence, no guitar."

As there seemed to be no alternative, Theodore, after a little more pressing, gave his sister a full account of the adventures of himself and his friend Harry, or rather Humphrey, as he had rechristened himself, in the grounds of the Meditation House estate.

To all this Milly listened with immense interest—as it was only natural she should—and in return handed over her guitar to her brother, with special injunctions that he was to be very careful of it.

Having secured the treasure, he hurried away, the moment he disappeared Milly exclaimed:

"Oh, what a glorious romance! I do believe Theodore and Mr. Tadpole have been falling in love with our Wild Rose and Violet. Oh, what news this will be for Con and Charlotte!"

* * * * * * *

It took our serenaders some little time to prepare their masks, but at length they were completed, and as the shades of evening were shrouding surrounding objects in obscurity, Theodore and Harry might have been seen wending their course through the park, in the direction of the mansion.

The clocks had struck the hour of ten, when, with cautious steps, they made their way to the garden.

Everything was dark and silent, not a solitary light gleamed in any of the windows; and this was very embarrassing, since they were so numerous that the adventurers were quite at a loss beneath which to make their stand and commence their harmony.

At last, however, they descried one large window, through which the faint rays of a lamp struggled over the tops of the shutters.

"That must be one," whispered Theodore to his companion. "What think you?"

"No doubt of it," Harry replied.

Theodore Westlake ran his fingers lightly over the guitar-strings, and prepared to discourse sweet music.

There was only one thing more to decide upon, that being the particular song to be sung.

Harry Targent's musical *repertoire* was not very extensive, but still he found it more difficult than he had anticipated to make a selection.

"Think of something, old fellow," urged Theodore.

"I ought to be something tender and expressive, oughtn't it?" said Harry. "I'm here at the gate alone' is highly suggestive."

"Only there's no gate," remarked Theodore.

"That's of no consequence; we must imagine the gate. Now, then, fire away!"

Accordingly they commenced.

Perhaps the performers were a little nervous; at all events, both song and accompaniment were at first little more than a faint murmur.

On this particular evening it so happened that Mrs. Penelope Hawk was holding a conference with her daughters, previous to retiring to rest, upon the outrageous conduct of Rose Royston and Violet Leigh.

Priscilla, and Prudence, of course, as in duty bound, assented to everything their mamma advanced.

"But, mamma," remarked Priscilla, "surely we are not to be detained here throughout the entire vacation to act the part of jailers to these girls?"

"Certainly not, my love," returned her parent. "I had, as you know, determined upon our going to Brighton, and I do not feel disposed to alter my original intentions. We shall start the day after to-morrow."

"And Rose and Violet?"

"I shall leave them under the watchful supervision of Janet Sly. Janet Sly is a thoroughly good house-dog, and will guard them as vigilantly as I should myself."

The conference was nearly at an end, when suddenly a strange, peculiar sound reached their ears.

Tum, tum, tum, tum, tum, tum, tum, tink-tink, tum-tum, tink! penetrated to the recesses of the chamber.

(To be continued.)

"Wild Rose and Violet" was commenced in No. 644.

## CUSTER THE HERO.

EVERY boy whose blood flows through his veins in full, warm, impetuous torrents, as a roaring river, and not like the sluggish waters of a canal, will feel a thrill of enthusiasm at the mention of the name of General George A. Custer, the hero and soldier, who died at the battle of the Little Big Horn, in June, 1876. Brave even beyond distinction, Custer was the beau-ideal of a dashing cavalryman, and through all his life he was not known to be guilty of one single mean or cowardly act.

He was born in New Rumley, Ohio, December 5th, 1839. His earliest ambition was to be a soldier, and when he was but four years old a miniature military suit was made for him. This tiny soldier-suit is still in existence, in the keeping of General Custer's mother. His father was at that time a member of a militia company, and whenever he went to training his little son went with him, and marched after the soldiers as best he could, his little legs doing their best to make big strides. He used to go through the manual of arms with a toy musket.

As he grew older he went to school, still retaining his desire to be a soldier. While at school he was one of the most mischievous and frolicsome of boys, but never quarrelsome. All his playmates speak of his lovable and gentle disposition, and the closest inquiry fails to reveal a single instance of ill-temper during his boyhood. Though his practical jokes were numberless, there is not a single record of a fight in all his school-life.

As he grew old he determined to go to West Point, and in 1856 he wrote a letter to John A. Brigham, then the member of Congress for the district, in reference to his desire, and after much trouble the matter was appointed. He entered West Point as a cadet in 1857, being at the time just seventeen years old. Four years of this military college made him the dashing soldier, and on attaining his majority he was graduated in 1861, and started as second lieutenant of the Fifth Cavalry Regiment.

Very soon the opportunity came to show of what stuff he was made. The great civil war broke out, and Lieutenant Custer speedily earned distinction in scouting duty during the siege of Yorktown and during the subsequent campaign on the Chickahominy, thereby earning his promotion to a first lieutenancy of his company. On June 5th, 1862, he was assigned on the staff of General McClellan, with the rank of captain, and his bravery soon caused him to be nominated for brevet in the regular service.

All through the rebellion his grand courage and skill earned recognition, but especially in October, 1864, his dashing operations were so brilliantly executed that on the 24th he was commissioned Major-General of Volunteers, in which capacity he took a prominent part in all the important movements which resulted in Lee's surrender in April, 1865.

After the termination of the war, General Custer was assigned to the command of various Indian frontier posts, where he showed himself the best officer on the frontier. He fully understood the Indian character, and was constantly in action whenever any service called for a prompt and decisive officer. His first Indian campaign was in 1867, when he accompanied General Hancock's expedition against the southern tribes—Comanches, Cheyennes, Kiowas, Arapahoes and Apaches—in command of the Seventh Cavalry Regiment, and from that time until his death he was constantly engaged against the aboriginal inhabitants of our forests and plains.

Custer was the youngest major-general ever commissioned for active service, he being only twenty-five years old when he was promoted to that rank. He experienced the most rapid promotion, perhaps, of any military man in history. He captured more flags and cannon than any other officer during the war. His knowledge of the Indian signs was complete, and as an Indian fighter he was the best and most successful our country has ever produced.

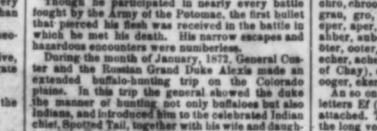
When to this bravery and skill were added those tender and lovable qualities that make man dear in woman's eyes, it may well be said that Custer was a character that our boys may do well to emulate. He was as tender and sympathetic as a girl. He was emphatically a gentleman in every respect. He never used tobacco in any form; he was strictly temperate, not even using the ordinary light wines of modern life; he never swore, nor would he allow an oath to be uttered in his hearing.

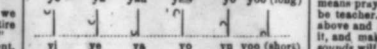
He was one of the best marksmen in the army, as well as one of the best horsemen. Marvelous stories are told of his feats in both these particulars. He had almost as many guns as there are varieties of manufacture, and his stable was filled with the best blooded horses in the land. With all this, too, he was an accomplished writer.

Though he participated in nearly every battle fought by the Army of the Potomac, the first bullet that pierced his flesh was received in the battle in which he met his death. His narrow escapes and hazardous encounters were numberless.

During the month of January, 1872, General Custer and the Russian Grand Duke Alexis made an extended buffalo-hunting trip on the Colorado plains. In this trip the general showed the duke the manner of hunting not only buffaloes but also Indians, and introduced him to the celebrated Indian chief, Spotted Tail, together with his wife and daughter. General Sheridan was also one of the party.

## EASY LESSONS IN PHONOGRAPHY, OR SHORT-HAND.






AS you will notice, the above table is simply an extension of the long and short vowel scales heretofore given, with this exception, that y precedes the regular sounds of e, a, ah, etc., as in last week's paper was made a prefix to the same list of sounds.

Referring to the cut, write:

Year (ye-Ar), years, (ye-Ar-lss), yawn (yau-En), yet (ys-Tee), yellow (ye-Lay-*O* vowel).

Be sure you understand the nomenclature, for we shall instruct you somewhat differently hereafter more, the further we get into the subject, in the *description* of the way of making the forms, rather than by numerous examples in the engraving. That is, if we say, write Ya-Lay, you will know it means Yale, just as much so as with the engraved form above.

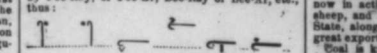
A great many *more* things might be said about what principles we have already been over; but our object is to make the entire Art as simple and easy to remember as we can. Time will enough toward the end of our lessons, for a full and ideal explanation and suggestion of a great many little fine points, which may be of great use to an old student, but which are unnecessary ornamentals to the beginner. Leaving out, therefore, these extra portions, we hope to give you, quickly and simply, all that is necessary for you to learn to become a practical Phonographer or Reporter.

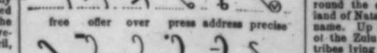
As matter for review, we will now furnish a list of words (from Graham's lists) which embrace the rules to be found in the previous lessons. Write them out on the school blackboard, or in a little blank book, referring when necessary to the tables or cuts.

Write: Pity, pitch, page, payday, talking, teach, type, check, catch, keep, rock, rag, haughty, book, beech, beauty, body, baby, deck, ditch, deep, puffy, path, bath, push, bush, bail, penny, by-way, teeth, door, deem, tongue, Jessie, jail, chair, gem, wrath, earth, rosy, ruin, wrong, beary, honey, fop, voyage, vary, thick, thorough, Isaac, shape, shady, elbow, lady, lake, like, look, lack, ark, map, mope, mighty, image, sip, needy, enjoy, awoke, funny, fame, fire, faith, theme, easy, easily, shame, shave, lion (el-en, not lay-en), Lizzie, error, among, macy, mil, name, enough, reap, cheap, jury, merry, party (three letters), purity, period, became, damage, variety, Albany, refuge, melody, enigma, guess, guesses, piece, pieces, said, speech, speeches, space (Ise-Pee-Ace with the *a* long, as in the second position), success (Iss-Kay-Sses), face, shows, woes, basin, beset, deceive, desire, vessel.

### THE R HOOK.

Not to burden your mind with too much at once, we have made it a point to introduce to you but one fundamental rule, or principle, at a time. This week we give you the *R hook*—that is, words commencing with a consonant, and followed by the letter R, can be written in a briefer manner than by Pee-Ray, or Pee-Ar, Bee-Ray or Bee-Ar, etc., thus:






If you take the straight line letters, as per our circular cut of the Alphabet in previous paper, and attach the R hook, they are called, according to the nomenclature, Per (p and an r hook). Ber, Ter (like the word *tree* in the cut above) Der, Cher, Jer, Ker, Ger.

But when you come to Ther, *Ther*, Fer, Ver, Zher (as in *measure*) you notice the R hook holds its place, and makes these contrary letters follow its lead; so that, instead of R hook being twisted, and awkwardly, on the back side of a curved letter, the curved letter is made to "turn over and oblige." See the words *free*, *over*, *author*, *either*, in the cut, which if they were read *without* the R hook would be *r*, to, *s*, *z*, but *with* the R hook are fr, vr, thr, *ther*. The difference in the sounds of the thr, thr, shr, and *shr*, are shown in the words *other* and *either*, *fresher* and *pleasure*. When we mean the *heavy* double letters in either, we will put it in *italics*.

This little twist of the few letters named for the accommodation of the principle of adding a brief R may confound your notions of the letters for which they should stand *without* the R hook, but it is very great convenience and saving, as you will notice further on, and quite a necessity, as you will agree when we give the next new *kink* in our next week's lesson.

How to add the R hook to the letters m, s and w will be explained soon. *Le* is written Lay-Ar, without an R hook.

Now, taking the long vowels *a, a, ah, au, o, oo*, as shown in previous cut, write without regard to words in all cases:

Pre, pra, prah, pran, pro, proo, bre, bra, brah, bran, bro, broo, tre, tra, trah, tran, tro, troo, dre, dra, drah, dran, dro, droo, chre, chra, chrah, chran, chro, chroo (a little tongue-twisting), gre, gra, grah, gran, gro, groo, kre, kra, krah, kran, kro, kroo, eper, aper, apper, acper, oper, ooper, ober, aber, abber, auber, ober, oober, eter, ater, abter, auter, oter, ooter, eder, ader, abder, auder, oder, ooder, escher, acher, ahcher, aucher, ocher (keep the sound of Chay), cocher, eger, ager, agger, ahger, auger, oger, ooger, ecker, acker, ahker, aucker, ocker, oocker.

As so on with these long vowel sounds, *after* the letters *Ef* (f), Vee (v), Th and Th and the R hook attached. Then with Fer, Ver, Ther, and *Ther*, with the long vowels before.

Then take all the same letters, as in above exercise, and write the *short* vowel *before* each; then with the six short vowels *after* each, in like manner. Our object in this repetition of the twelve sounds is to have you learn and fix them in order in your memory. Be sure you place them in the right positions, in the beginning, in the middle, or at the end, before or after, as the vowel sound may be first, second or third place. Remember we write words by their sounds, not by the spelling, thus pra above means pray; grow; Yee-Char would be teacher. You might take examples like the above and add a Short-hand letter before or after it, and make many additional words, just as the *sounds* will suggest them. Practice with the short vowels with R hook thoroughly, and also with the *i, oi, ow, w* and u sounds in the same way.

Then place the signs for *we, wa, woh, wau, wo, woo, ye, ya, yah, yaw, yo, yoo* and the corresponding short sounds preceded by w and y, wi, we, wah, wo, wu, woo, yi, ye, yah, yo, yu, yoo, and write them all in turn, *before* the Fer, Ber, Ter, Der, Cher, Jer, Ker, Ger, Ther, *Ther*, Sher and Zher (it is impossible to sound them together written *after*), and you will discover the correct forms for many words not yet brought to your notice in this study, such words as weever, water, watcher, wager, weaker, wetter, wagger, Weber, wicker, wilther, wafer, weaver, waver, wisher, washer, bride, brow, brew, broil, try, Troy, true, etc.

If you have followed us through the woods so far, we hope you begin to see an opening into a fuller light of phonographic knowledge.

(To be continued.)

## Talks with Boys about Foreign Lands.

### THE BRITISH IN SOUTH AFRICA.

### NO. III.

### NATAL.

THE English Colony of Natal is somewhat larger than the Kingdom of Greece. Though a British possession since 1843, it still remains separated from the Cape by the territory of independent Caffraria.

In many respects the relations of Natal resemble those of Cape Colony. The country is covered with wooded mountains and hills, sloping downward like the fingers of a hand from the great cliff edge of the Drakenberg Range, ten thousand feet in height. There are many streams and rivers flowing through a broad belt of rolling grass land which separates the mountain spurs from the yellow sands and bald headlands of the coast.

The climate of Natal is exceedingly agreeable and healthy; the heat in Summer is not intense, and the Winters are delightful. Rain falls in all months, though chiefly through the Summer from September till April, when thunder and hail storms are also frequent.

Of the whole population, which numbers about 320,000, only 18,000 are of European descent, chiefly English, with some Dutch and Germans. Hindoo coolies have been introduced to work on the sugar plantations, and immigrants from St. Helena are in considerable numbers, but the great bulk of the people are Caffre natives of the soil, or refugees from the neighboring Zulu country, who have come under the shelter of the British power. So indolent are these natives, and so few their wants, that they are of very little service in farming or industry of any sort.

The plains of Natal afford rich pasture for horses, sheep, and cattle, and the bush yields maize, arrow-root, sugar and coffee are the principal products of the farm. Sugar has been lately exported to the large amount of $800,000 a year, from the fifty-five sugar estates now in active working. Wool from the colonial sheep, and bought down from the Orange Free State, along with ostrich feathers and ivory, is the great export of Natal.

Coal is known on the northern boundaries, and gold has been found in various parts, but very little mining has been done as yet.

Sailing along the coast after his long voyage round the cape, Vasco de Gama discovered the land of Natal on Christmas Day, 1497, whence its name. Up to 1822 the country was in possession of the Zulu tyrant Chaka, who ruled over all the tribes lying between the Umtamvuna in the south, and Umvoloss or Saffia Lucia, north of the Tugela.

He was succeeded in 1838 by his brother Dingaan, who treacherously killed a number of Dutch Boers who had come over to him from Cape Colony by invitation, to buy land and settle in his country. In consequence of this the Boers, under their leader, Pretorius, defeated Dingaan and made his brother Panda chief in his place, and settled in Natal as masters of the country. In 1841 the British interfered, and after a brave struggle the Boers were overcome, and in 1843 the country was proclaimed a British colony.

In 1845 it was separated from the Cape, and in 1856 was created into a special colony, under a Lieutenant-governor and an Executive Council. Natal only possesses two towns of any consequence, the seaport of Port Natal, or Durban, a handsome town of about eight thousand inhabitants, with a good harbor, and the capital, Pietermaritzburg, forty-five miles inland, and united to Port Natal by an omnibus road. Natal boasts of three miles of railway, between Durban and the sea, but a system of rails, to extend to the capital and the interior, is already planned out.

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### Which was the Hero.
And
### Wild Rose and Violet;
Or,
### Fun at Mrs. Hawk's.

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## THE ROUND TABLE.

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1. Pease, Larder, Errata, Adapts, Settle, Eraser. 2. Wheel-bar-row. 3. Watch-Guard.—WinG, AEIOU, ToaA, ChaIR, HarD. 4. A, Apt, Auric, Apropos, Tipsy, Coy, S. 5. Line-age. 6. Tsano, Aster, Sdngr, Senna, Organ. 7. Port. 8. Spear, Pear, Ear. 9. Lark, Spur. 10. Smack.

### WINNERS OF PRIZES IN No. 645.

1.—E. Kennelly, 618 Filbert Street, San Francisco, Cal.

2.—Amos M. Schultz, Clay Springs, Florida.

3.—Denis O'Brien, 747 Thirteenth Street, Jersey City, N. J.

### ENIGMAS, CHARADES, ETC.

1.—SQUARE WORDS.

To PROSPER; a place of happiness; to fret; a native of one of the Balearic islands; purchasable and five hundred; a printer's measure of space and extremities.

2.—DIAMOND PUZZLE.

One hundred; a foot cleaner; good; a seed; dark; to pince; the last of a boy.

3.—CHARADE.

My first is a deposit, my second is strife,
My third attaches a man to his wife;
My whole is a process (for newspaper filling)
To get the opinion of one that is willing.

4.—SQUARE WORDS.

A delightful spot; to stir; to cook and an article; a garment; to prize; where baby loves to be.

5.—ENIGMA.

On pastures green I love to roam;
Among my mates I make my home.
My coat is warm, but man, the sinner,
Takes me and mine to provide his dinner.
Newton, learned in science great,
Observed me early, like wise late.
To the heavens at me he ofttimes gazed,
And at my signs felt so amazed.
Our country to guard that in peace she may
sleep,
I am a terror of strength for her on the deep.
And about battles of old I made them preach,
When I went with the stormers to the deadly
breach.

6.—CHARADE.

My first is an animal famed for its ears;
May you next, not in health till your natural
years
You've outran;
My third is an insect of ancient renown;
My whole should you meet, why at once knock
him down—
If you can.

7.—CHARADE.

My second was a shoemaker,
And first he often used;
To died, and whole could not be found,
Of theft some were accused.

8.—DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

Primals lately won a prize
Which finds offered freely.
Crowds ran to view, with open eyes,
The triumph won so clearly.

With this each entered in the field,
Not then soon inclined to yield;
Then hats to 'or the friends did next,
Ready to bet this when quite vext.
This filled their hearts as things looked black
And this they raised around the track.

9.—DECAPITATION.

The baffled villain doth this from your sight;
Behead and this, part of a chain, keep bright;
Behead again and I am dark and black;
Transpose and relatives will come not slack.

10.—ELEVEN HIDDEN PASSIONS.

Hail O verdant glorious Spring,
Youth, opening morn, when wild birds sing,
Of early flowers a store you bring
To cheer age and childhood's hours.

When youth at every step to age,
Heard read aloud from wisdom's page,
Thy range rendering nature's heritage.
Perchance a weed will rise 'mid flowers.

Thy sweet dream, a license rich as gold,
Do we wear fur? yes, to resist the cold,
Clasp if ye young, and, as its flowers unfold,
May man enjoy for life those syiran bowers.

### FUN FOR THE BOYS.

A man oft finds his cake in dough,
So listen to my tale of woogh.

Poor Smythekins! it was rather rough,
And put him in a downright hough.

One day the town was like a slough,
When Smythekins tried a fancy bough.

The walking was as usual, though
The streets were filled with melted snough.

His latest flame was driving through
The upper part of the avenough.

He raised his hand; but an awkward cough
Came on as he tried his hat to dough.

He kept it in; but a strong hiccough,
Instead, jerked his hand and fingers ough.

He slipped and fell in a muddy trough,
His legs flew out and his hat flew ough.

'Twas fun for the lady; for him 'twas tough,
And worse than his lady-love's rebough.

For he slid through the slush like a two-horse
plough,
And is sore in body and mind even nough.

So, swells, take heed. Of your skill although
You are sure; what may happen you never
knough.

One of these generous, disinterested, "awful sacrificing" tradesmen, having stuck upon every other pane of glass in his window, "Selling off—no reasonable offer refused—must close on Saturday," offered himself as bail, or security, in some case which was brought before a magistrate, when the following dialogue ensued, the magistrate asking him if he was worth two thousand dollars. "Yes," he replied. "But you are about to remove, are you not?" "No," "Why you write up 'Selling off.'" "Yes, every shopkeeper is selling off." "You say 'No reasonable offer will be refused.'" "Well, I should be very unreasonable, if I did refuse such offers." "But you say 'Must close on Saturday.'" "To be sure; you would not have me to open on Sunday, would you?"

### A GREAT SHOCK.

A cross-eyed man in a long linen ulster and a tall hat rang the bell, and when the woman of the house opened the door, she was satisfied he had an eye to the spoons (the straight eye) so she snapped:

"Well, what do you want?"

"Madam, be calm," said the cross-eyed man, in a smooth voice.

"What for?" she queried, suspiciously.

"Madam," said the cross-eyed man, "have you a child?"

"Yes, I have," replied the woman; "what of it?"

"A little girl?" queried the cross-eyed man.

"No, a boy," replied the woman.

"Of course—a boy," repeated the cross-eyed man; "a young boy—not very old?"

"About that age," said the woman. "What about him?"

"Madam, do not get excited," pursued the cross-eyed man; "be brave and calm."

"Mercy on me!" exclaimed the woman, in surprise, "what's the matter?"

"Gently, gently," said the cross-eyed man, in a soothing manner; "restrain yourself. Did not that little boy go out to play this morning?"

"Yes, yes," said the woman, excitedly; "what—why—is there anything the matter?"

"Is there not a railroad track crossing the next street?" queried the cross-eyed man, in a solemn voice.

"Yes, oh, yes," ejaculated the woman, in great fear; "oh, tell me what has happened, what——"

"Be calm," interrupted the cross-eyed man, soothingly; "be brave—keep cool, for your child's sake."

"Oh, what is it, what is it?" wailed the woman, wildly; "I knew it—I feared it. Tell me the worst, quick! is my child—where is my darling boy?"

"Madam," replied the cross-eyed man, gently, "I but this moment saw a little boy playing upon the railroad track; as I looked upon him he seemed to be——"

"Oh, dear! oh, dear," screamed the woman, wringing her hands; tell me the worst—is he——"

"He seemed to be daubing himself with oil," continued the cross-eyed man, quickly drawing a bottle from his pocket, "and I've got here the best thing in the world—Lightning Grease Eradicator—only twenty-five cents a bottle—we arranted——"

There was a broom standing behind the door, and with one blow she knocked his tall hat over his eyes, and with another waved him off the steps and through the gate. And as the cross-eyed man moved swiftly up street, she shook the broom at him, looking for all the world like an ancient god of mythology, with a passion-distorted face and highly-excited red arms.

A SENSIBLE REMARK.—Duval, the famous Austrian librarian, was once consulted upon a subject of which he was not wholly the master, by one of whose ignorance he was well aware. "I do not know," was his frank response. "Do not know!" exclaimed the intruder; "the Emperor pays you for knowing." "The Emperor pays me for what I know," said Duval; "if he paid me for what I do not know, the whole treasury of his kingdom would not suffice!"

NOT FOR ROBINSON.—"Jones," said one friend to another in my hearing not so long ago—"Jones, Mr. Robinson is dead, and I want you to sit up with the body to-night." "My dear Smith, I can't," the other said. "Oh, but you must. I counted on you, certainly, as a personal friend. Come, consent." "I am your friend, Smith; but can't. This is for Robinson. If it was your father, Smith; or if it was you, I would sit up with the body with the greatest pleasure in the world—the greatest pleasure! But not for Robinson. *No, sir!*"

WHEN out poaching a boy shot a bird, and another boy ran to secure the trophy. Coming near where it had fallen, he found a white owl so sprawling in the grass as to present to his view only a head with staring eyes and a pair of wings attached. Instantly he shouted in dismay: "We're in for it now, Jock—we're shot a cherubim!"


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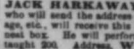

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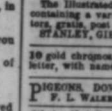

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## AN EXCITING ADVENTURE.

A FRIGHTFUL SITUATION AMID THE CRASH OF A MINE—IN THE BOWELS OF THE EARTH—A BLACK AND YAWNING CHASM—IN DANGER OF DEATH—A NARROW ESCAPE.

BELOW the croppings of the Gould & Curry Mine is to be seen a large cavity, or sink, which marks the spot under which a great cave occurred. Luckily ample warning had been given by the settling of the ground within the mine, and the snapping and splintering of timbers; therefore no lives were lost in the cave.

News of the great crash in the mine spread rapidly through the town, and all who heard of the accident gave a sigh of relief when told that all the miners had escaped uninjured. The full extent of the cave, and the damage done thereby in the interior of the mine, were not known for some time, but from the cavity formed on the surface were judged to be very great. Being desirous of obtaining, if possible, full particulars in regard to the condition of the underground sections of the mine, we called upon Superintendent Bonner and made known our wishes.

"I have not been in the mine for three or four hours, and therefore am unable to give an exact account of the present condition of the caved portions. However, if you will venture with me," said Mr. Bonner, "we will go in as far as possible and see how things look."

Having agreed to Mr. Bonner's proposition, two lanterns were procured, and we soon found ourselves on the level where the greatest damage had been done. Nowhere was to be seen the friendly twinkle of either lamp or candle; all was dark as the Cimmerian caves, save where the light of our lanterns fell upon the walls of the tunnel along which we were advancing, or where the rays streamed far ahead and were reflected back by points of polished pyrites of bright quartz crystals.

At first, too, all was silent as the tomb, but as we moved forward the sharp snap of falling timber or the dull boom of a heavy fall of earth reached our ears.

These sounds constantly grew more distinct. Soon was heard a sort of running fire of short little snaps from the bent and splintering timbers, with ever and anon a startling musket-like report, as some large timber was broken in twain or was rent asunder.

We are now fast nearing the scene of the cave. As yet the ground above us was sound, and all the timbers stood intact in their places. Our advance was slow, and cautiously made. At times some unusual commotion caused us to halt and listen half a minute, with bodies inclined forward and eyes strained, to penetrate beyond the light thrown by our lanterns. Few words passed between us. "Wait a bit," or "Now let us move on," from Mr. Bonner, was about all that was said.

Presently we came to a drift leading from the tunnel we had been traversing. The snapping and grinding sounds were now more distinctly heard.

"It is in this direction," said Bonner, leading the way into the drift.

We had not proceeded far before we came to where the timbers of the drift were badly bent and displaced. We were in a spot where the ground was settling.

A kind of ticking noise came from the lagging overhead and along the sides of the drift, and dirt sifted down on our hats.

Soon we reached a place where the posts on the sides of the drifts were bent like bows. The backs of these bows projected into the drift, and were full of splinters, some of which formed—snapped out—before our eyes. Shortly we came upon two posts bent out from opposite sides of the drift, till their backs were not more than a foot apart.

"This looks bad," said Bonner.

"Very. Let us go back," said we.

"It cannot be far to the edge of the cave. We want to see that. Suppose we venture? Timbers are all strong when they snap."

"Then move on," said we, but our legs wanted to go the other way.

In passing between the two bent posts, it was necessary to turn our bodies edgewise. All about us the timbers were working and groaning, but still stood some distance apart. At the end of the drift we came into a large open space, what seemed a long and broad chamber, and, turning westward across this, we were soon as near the edge of the cave as it was thought prudent to venture.

Holding our lanterns above our heads, we saw before us a black and yawning pit or chasm. The light of the lanterns failed to show us either the top or the bottom of this pit, nor could we see across to the further side. It seemed to have neither top nor bottom—seemed but a shapeless, boundless region of darkness.

In this frightful pit there fell every half minute, from somewhere in darkness high above, great masses of earth and rocks. At times, judging from the thunderous sounds, hundreds of tons tumbled at once from the roof and sides of the chasm.

Smaller masses were almost constantly dropping in some direction, while the splintering, snapping and groaning of timbers in all directions was something frightful.

Suddenly, as we stood quaking in the midst of the treniendous commotion, a great mass of rock and earth fell from some place high up on the wall on our side of the shoreless sea of darkness, almost grazing the brink of the chasm before us. With the fall of the mass came a rush of wind that nearly extinguished the candles in our lanterns. Elevating his light and gazing upward, Mr. Bonner cried. "Fall back! fall back! the roof is giving way!"

Almost as he spoke a mass of several tons fell from the roof of our chamber not ten feet in front of us, and, in falling, took a large bite out of the edge of our floor.

"Quick, quick! This way! We must get out of this," said Bonner.

We ran back to the drift by which we had entered. The two posts between which we had squeezed had closed together.

"Back, back!" cried Bonner. "This way; I know a drift. Quick, we may reach it."

Back along the drift we darted, amid sounds never to be forgotten and such as have seldom stunned mortal ears. All about us was in motion—all rapidly sinking.

Bonner led the way across the chamber we had left a few minutes before. In a corner, on the east side, the light of his lantern showed the mouth of a drift, toward which he was hastening.

Scarcely was there time to observe this before he held up his lantern, crying, "Back, back," and with a rumbling crash the mouth of the drift had closed and the ground before and about began to disappear.

"Quick!" cried Bonner, grasping our arm and hurrying us along. "To the drift again. It is our only chance."

Into the drift we once more darted. Squeezing our way through the crackling posts, we reached the place where we had before been stopped. Though crushed together in the middle there was still a small, open space between the posts at the bottom.

Throwing himself flat on the floor of the drift, Bonner pushed his lantern through the opening, then by a mighty effort, pushed himself through after it.

He seemed an hour in passing, though he probably wriggled through in less than ten seconds.

Our fear that he would stick fast was agonizing.

"Quick! Give me your hands! Leave your lantern!" shouted Bonner, the moment he was through.

Instantly we were down, and had both hands through the opening. In about two seconds we were hauled through as a hunter pulls a squirrel out of its skin. A short dash took us to the main tunnel, and as we gained it, Bonner fervently exclaimed:

"Safe at last, thank God!"

We were about to make similar utterance, when Bonner thrust his lantern into the mouth of the drift, crying:

"Look! look! There she goes!" and, as he spoke, down went the shattered portion of the drift, breaking away to within fifteen feet of where we were standing.

"Let us go!" said we: "the whole mountain is falling."

"All is sound here," said Bonner; "yet I don't care to remain longer. Had I known what we were getting into I should never have passed through this crumbling drift. However, 'all is well that ends well,' and you have seen and heard what you will probably neither see nor hear again, should you remain in the mines all your life."

It was rather a lively bit of underground experience.

AN EXCITING ADVENTURE OF A MINE SUPERINTENDENT AND A REPORTER IN THE BOWELS OF THE EARTH.

## INCOGNITO; Or, WHO AM I?

ONE of the players is sent out of hearing distance, while the rest fix upon some well-known character of history or fiction whom he is to be taken to represent. On returning, he is to be addressed by each person in turn with allusions appropriate to the character he is supposed to personify. Usually each one of the company addresses the victim as he best pleases.

It will be found, however, to be a great improvement upon the ordinary method if those who remain in the room choose for themselves each a character contemporary and connected with that which the absentee is intended to represent.

When the principal character is taken from fiction, the rest must be taken, of course, from the same work.

Suppose, for instance, that the character chosen for the absentee is that of Faust, then the parts of Marguerite, Valentine, Mephistopheles, Siebel, Dame Martha, etc., should be assumed by each of the company. On the excluded one returning to the room, he will be addressed by Marguerite:

"You are my ideal of a handsome student and a gallant lover. I trust you with my heart, and would with my life, for never were woman's love and faith like mine. And yet when, as we wander through the garden, I look into your eyes, a strange fear and a dreadful foreboding come over me. I have but the truth and tenderness of woman; you have the strength and intellect of man, if not of something more than man, to rely upon. Spare me, then, and we may yet live and die happily."

Unable to make much out of this, the guesser answers, it may be, that the lady does him too much honor in her sentiments, and goes on to the next, which happens, perhaps, to be Dame Martha, who says:

"I have my doubts about you young men, and my opinion is that you are no better than you ought to be, and a good deal worse than you might be. If I ever marry again, it will be to a tall, slender, fair-spoken gentleman who has already shown his affection for me, and I hope my charge may be as fortunate as I shall."

"I hope so, too," says the guesser, whom Mephistopheles next addresses:

"I am a friend to you such as few men possess, and although I spring from the lower classes, you will find me able to add to the inestimable gifts which I have already bestowed upon you others of even greater value. Such, however, is the ingratitude of mortal man, that I scarcely expect an adequate return for all this, and I forsee that you may even make use of the advantages I have conferred upon you to find out a tricky way of evading the payment of my stipulated reward, poor even as it is."

The guesser will possibly by this time have discovered the character he represents, and should henceforth answer each person appropriately, and, if he pleases, sarcastically.

"For you, my friend," he will say to Mephistopheles, "I forgive you. You are but acting up to your character, and, for once, are as black as you have ever been painted; but what has the gentleman to say?"

Supposing the next to be Valentine, he will answer:

"I have to say that I will exact satisfaction for the wrong done to me, and that the insult placed upon our house can only be washed out in blood!"

"Very well," returns the guesser; "I can refuse nothing, not even satisfaction, to the brother of the woman I adore; but I doubt if it will improve matters, and my belief is that by doing some violence to the story—you will allow me to repent now, I shall get off with one curse the less, and my friend there will lose one soul the more."

This sort of thing must not, however, be too much prolonged, as the greater part of the interest has gone when once the guesser has shown that he has discovered the character he represents.